

THE CHILD'S FRIEND.

THE NEW YEAR.

TO-DAY begins the third year of our pleasant acquaintance, dear children; and, when we wish you all a Happy New Year, we wish it more than ever from our hearts. But you, strange as it may seem, have more influence in making this a happy year to you, than any other persons can have. A contented, cheerful disposition will always be happy, let disappointment and trial come when they may.

We pause to-day to look back over the past. We see its pleasant sunny spots, — the loving intercourse with friends, the fireside enjoyments, and the frolics with playmates, — with here and there the shadows, the remembrance of some sin that weighed upon our hearts, of some great disappointment, or the darker shadow of bereavement. And the shadows of sin do not, like the shadows of a real landscape, make the past look beautiful. No! they blight it and wither it, as if a fire had suddenly passed through the midst of it, making the blackened and desolate spot more gloomy, from its contrast to the surrounding beauty.

A cloud hides the future, the landscape before us, from our eyes. It rests with us whether it shall be diversified by the barren and scorched tracts of sin, or whether it shall all be beautiful, with its shadows the disappointments and bereavements that come from a Father's hands, and which he softens and mellows into beauty, if we will but look at them aright.

We say it rests with you. You have to-day, doubtless, made good resolutions. You know in what points you are most tempted to do wrong. You made these same resolutions last year. Perhaps you kept them for a time; but they were broken at last. There is one resolution that will help you very much, if you will make it. Resolve to say, whenever you are tempted to say or do any thing which you are not perfectly sure is right, "Would Christ have done or said so?" And, if your conscience replies "No," you may be sure that it is not right to do it. Now this would not be a difficult resolution to keep, if you were really sorry for past sins, and wished to do better; and if you faithfully make the resolve, and faithfully strive to keep it, it will soon be very easy to remember it. Thus, you will refer every act to the law of Christ, and this is what is meant by being a Christian. A child who is old enough to read about Jesus, and to understand how good and pure a being he was, and that we must follow his example, is old enough to be a Christian. A very old hymn says, —

"'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes."

And again,

"A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

We have written more seriously than we at first intended, and than perhaps is suited to the gay and lively aspect of the New Year; but we shall not regret this, if one child, among our readers, is induced to follow our advice.

'Mid the gifts and congratulations of the season, do not forget, when the "Child's Friend" meets your eyes, that you have a true friend, who speaks to you from its pages; who loves to think of all the little unknown faces that bend over them, month by month; and who would be most truly happy to be the means of leading, through any written word, "one of these little ones" to that everlasting Friend who enables us to say to-day, "A Happy New Year."

ED.

AUNT LUCY.

I.

MY DEAR FANNY, — Can you conceive of anybody happier than an amiable, sensible old maid, in circumstances of competency? But you are not exactly the person to answer this question, with your kind husband at your side, in the long winter evenings, and your three fine little girls budding beneath your eyes. I know such an old maid, however, and believe her to be as happy as she is wise and good. No married woman ever conferred more blessing of the highest kind than she has done: so she *must* be happy.

But it is not of her happiness that I now wish to write. She has just been making a round of visits to some of her early friends, now heads of families, and has come home to our little circle with a budget of fresh

ideas and useful observations, which attract us to her side, in the twilight-hour of chat, with an irresistible power.

The other night she told us some things, which she knew would interest us especially, and which I communicate to you, precisely because you are the mother of those three aforesaid little girls, and have entered on the tremendous responsibility of educating them. I shall use her own language as nearly as possible : —

AUNT LUCY'S VISITS.

It frightens me when I find so many children everywhere, and think what an increasing multitude of men and women are coming on. In each house that I stayed at while I was in B——, there were children; and I must confess that I had a serious and rational curiosity to ascertain what sort of persons they were likely to be.

Mrs. Y. to be sure, has only one child, a daughter; and at Mrs. Y.'s I made my first visit, and her Emily attracted my attention immediately. She was pale and thin, looking as if rather too much care had been taken of her; and I soon found that the mother's only thought was to preserve the life and health of this frail creature. Her constitution, her predisposition to this complaint or another, her inability to do as other children did, were the perpetual topics of discourse.

Emily, of course, never felt well, particularly if any thing was to be done which did not exactly suit her taste. Lessons made her head ache. Needlework gave her a pain in the side. She was so sensitive to the cold, she could not possibly quit an interesting book to take a walk on a chilly day. It made her "feel as if she should fly," to sit still long at a time; so she seldom went to church

all day. The consequence was, that she could do nothing well, found no occupation interesting except the most frivolous reading, and never made an effort, except to arrange her own hair after various fashions. She was often well enough to stand an hour before the glass, engaged in this noble and useful task, but never well enough to stand through a prayer of ten minutes at church. This was being pretty well broken down for a girl of thirteen.

The fact was, she was really suffering in mind and body, from the fact that she never made one wholesome exertion. The powers of both were perishing for want of exercise; and the habit of magnifying every petty ail, indulging in constant complaints, and making hourly demands on the sympathy of those about her, was rendering her as disagreeable as she was unhappy.

I could not help thinking to myself, if this girl lives many years, what a life is before her! what a torment to others! what a burden to herself! and if she should not live! And this consideration was so sad, that I could not keep it to myself; and, the night before I came away, as her mother sat lamenting over the delicate constitution of their only child, I said, with some hesitation,—“You have thought, then, that Emily may die young?” Mrs. Y. burst into tears. “Why, surely I have.” Don’t you see how incessantly anxious I am? What pains I am taking to save the precious child, if it be possible! Sometimes I am sure she will never live through her teens,—and then, what would become of us? How can you ask if I ever thought of such a thing? Is it not just the thing I am dreading day and night?”

"It appears to me that you are dreading it more than you need, my dear friend, and at the same time not making any preparation for it. You will forgive me for this remark."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I only mean, that, if I had a child who would probably go to France in a year or two to finish her education, it would be constantly on my mind, in such a way as to influence all my plans about her; and I should do all I could to prepare her for a residence in that country. If I thought she would go to a more remote realm, — the unknown land beyond the grave, perhaps, — should I not be at least as anxious to prepare her for that event?"

Mrs. Y. sat still a few moments, and then said, "I am sure I do not wish to put such ideas into the child's head. If I should begin to talk to her about preparing to die, she would fancy that I thought her in immediate danger, and there is no knowing what the consequences might be. I would not frighten her so for the world."

"But, my dear friend, it is precisely in order to prevent her being frightened at the approach of death that I wish you to make her mind familiar with the idea. Or rather — let me speak plainly — you do already present an idea of dying to her mind by your constant apprehensions; but you do not bring before her the thought of living on after death. That is what *should* be habitual with us all, and especially with one whom you believe doomed to an early departure. Your present anxiety seems only to be that she may be kept here in your sight. If she and you were both solicitous that she might be ready at any moment to enter on a course of

active usefulness out of your sight, I think you would both be far happier. It would occupy your minds in the highest and most wholesome manner, and, I verily believe, would help her bodily health, while it would take from her the chief reason for shrinking from an early summons, — the consciousness of unpreparedness."

At this moment, a rustling from the sofa at the farther end of the room disturbed us; and, to our great surprise, Emily rose from it, and came towards us. There was no light but the fire-light, and we had not observed that she was lying there when we came into the room.

"Miss Lucy," said she, "I hope you and mother will forgive me for listening to your conversation. I ought not to have done it; but I am very glad that I have heard what you said."

She uttered this firmly; and then, sitting down on the footstool at her mother's knee, she leaned her head upon her, and added, with tears in her eyes, "Mother, help me to think of nothing but becoming as good as possible. I don't know how I have been so foolish as to be always expecting that I should die young, — always considering how to prolong my life, or to get well, — and yet never anxious about being fit to die. Talk to me about that, dear mother, and tell me how to make good use of my time, — will you?"

Mrs. Y. was too much moved to speak; and presently Emily said to me, "I am sorry you are going away to-morrow, Miss Lucy; for it seems as if I had waked out of a dream. I think you could help us, if you were to be here a little longer."

L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

(See Frontispiece.)

WE have been unable to find a description of the Bay of Naples; and, as Mount Vesuvius forms a prominent part of the scenery of this far-famed bay, we have done our next best in selecting an account of an eruption which occurred seventy-nine years after Christ, and by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed:—

“The eyes of the crowd beheld with ineffable dismay a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness; the branches, fire, that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment; now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare.

“Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women: the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and beyond, in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs. An instant more, and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward them, dark and rapid like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes, mixed with fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheatre itself, — far and wide, — with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

“The cloud advanced, darker and darker, disgorging showers of ashes and pumice-stones; and, amid the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of

boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals.

“The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, at length settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. But in proportion as the blackness gathered did the lightnings round Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the hues of fire. Now brightly blue, as the most azure depth of a southern sky; now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro, as the folds of an enormous serpent; now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke far and wide, and lighting up all Pompeii; then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of its own life!

“In the pauses of the showers were heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gasses through the chasms of the distant mountain.

“The ashes, in many places, were already knee-deep; and in some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house-roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt; the footing seemed to slide and creep, nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground. Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire,

which caught whatever was combustible within their reach; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses and even vineyards had been set on flames; and at various intervals the fires rose fiercely and sullenly against the solid gloom. The citizens had endeavored to place rows of torches in the most frequented spots; but these rarely continued long: the showers and the wind extinguished them.

“Suddenly arose an intense and lurid glow. Bright and gigantic through the darkness which closed around it, the mountain shone, a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface there seemed to rise two monster-shapes, each confronting each, as demons contending for a world. These were of one deep, blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere; but below, the nether part of the mountain was still dark and shrouded, save in three places, adown which flowed serpentine and irregular rivers of the molten lava. Darkly red, through the profound gloom of their banks, they flowed slowly on, as towards the devoted city. And through the still air was heard the rattling of the fragments of rock, hurling one upon another, as they were borne down the fiery cataracts, darkening for one instant the spot where they fell, and suffused the next in the burnished hues of the flood along which they floated!

“Suddenly a duller shade fell over the air; and one of the two gigantic crests into which the summit had been divided, rocked and waved to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of

fire, down the sides of the mountain. At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke, rolling on, over air, sea, and earth. Another and another and another shower of ashes, far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets, and darkness once more wrapt them as a veil.

"The whole elements of civilization were broken up. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing was left save the law of self-preservation." — *Last Days of Pompeii*.

AN ALLEGORY.

"OH, dear!" sighed little Cora; "mamma might have let me go out. I know the snow would not have hurt me. And Emmie will have such a nice time with her, buying new years' presents." And Cora threw herself down upon the hearth-rug, and lay gazing into the fire; the glowing coals taking many a strange and beautiful form as she looked.

Presently there was a succession of bright coals, with the little tongues of flame leaping and dancing among them, which seemed to her like a waterfall, with the water tumbling and dashing among the rocks. Then she found herself, she knew not how, on the bed of a little brook, and at the very source of the tiny stream. She saw a beautiful being, with a wreath of white lilies, on her long flowing hair, which shone like threads of

gold. She was so tall that she looked to Cora like a picture of the "White Lady," which she had seen in one of her mother's books"

Cora followed the direction of her eyes, and saw at her feet a little rosy child, who was diligently gathering up water drops into a crystal vase which he held. Sometimes the drops were not perfectly pure and colorless; and then the child shook his head, and a shade of sadness passed over his face. Cora watched him, in what seemed to her his endless and tiresome work. But he seemed to know no weariness; and, as the vase grew fuller and fuller, he looked up in the face of the lady, and smiled. As he placed the last drop, he sprang to the top of the stream, and poured the contents of the crystal goblet into the narrow channel, and suddenly disappeared.

Where he was gone, Cora knew not; but in his place, at the source, stood another child gathering drops with the same untiring patience. As Cora's eyes became accustomed to what she called the *water light*, she saw, at a little distance, another child, wrapped in a thin mist, which made it impossible for her to see his form distinctly. He seemed to wait till the other had vanished to take his turn. And as Cora fixed her eyes upon him, she saw that this was really the case; for when the second sprang with his full goblet to the surface, as the first had done, he threw aside his misty covering, and, with a smile from the watching lady, he began his work. Cora thought she should never be tired of seeing them; and each drop that fell into the vase gave a most musical tinkle, that soothed and pleased her.

By and by, it occurred to her to examine the faces of the children more attentively ; and she saw that among them there was great variety of expression. Some had bright, joyful countenances ; others were troubled and anxious ; others sullen and downcast ; and the tears of others fell into the goblets which they held in their hands. The tears, however, did not help to fill them ; for a little of the water they had gathered was dashed out of the vase by each falling tear, so that their task was of the same length as all the others.

After she had watched a great number of them, she looked again at the lady. She seemed more beautiful than ever, and a crimson flush played upon her cheek ; and the lilies in her hair, which at first had been only buds, had now opened their deep white cups, and shone round her head like stars. She gazed at her until she fancied that her gaze was returned ; and then she fixed her eyes on the children, and determined, if possible, to see how they disappeared. She followed with her eyes one after another, as each rose to the surface, with such earnestness that her eyes ached ; but, from the moment when they poured out the treasured drops, no trace of them was to be seen. They disappeared as entirely as if they had never been.

Again Cora turned to look at the tall lady. The lilies hung drooping around her face. The face, too, had become thin, and would have been pale, but from the bright red spot that burned on either cheek in contrast to her brow's marble whiteness. Cora had seen just such crimson spots on the face of her beautiful cousin, Julia ; and she had heard her mother say, " She will not be long with us ; " and she remembered that not many

weeks after, they had laid Julia to rest in the green churchyard. So she felt sad when she looked at the lady of the spring, and thought that she should see her but a few times more ; and she turned again to the children, whom she still delighted to watch. But the lovely face still haunted her ; and, when she looked timidly again, the lilies were dead, and the lady's face was marble white. She seemed to be fading away like a thin mist. Cora stretched her arms towards her : " Stay, stay ! " she cried. But she tripped over a smooth stone that lay in her path, and felt a sensation of pain ; she rubbed her eyes ; Emmie was shaking her by the arm, and laughing at her for going to sleep on the hearth-rug. " I have not been asleep, Emmie. I saw a beautiful lady in the fire, and a brook, and a waterfall. " Emmie, with shouts of laughter, gave her another shake ; and soon the two sisters were talking and laughing merrily together.

But Cora did not forget her dream. After tea, when the children sat by their mother's side, just before going to bed, Cora, instead of requesting a story of her mother, told her dream. " It was a strange dream, — wasn't it, mother ? " she asked.

" Yes, love ; but I think I can interpret your dream, and I hope you may profit by the interpretation. I think the tall white lady was the spirit of the new year ; and I think the little children, who gathered up the golden drops, were the spirits of the days of the year. Each drop was a minute ; and when they filled up the crystal vase, or the day, they poured the contents into the flowing stream of time, and disappeared. Some of them, you say, were bright and joyous, types of the

happy days; and some sad, foretelling sad days; some sullen, to indicate sinful days. You could not tell how they disappeared; neither can you tell how time goes.

"You saw the lady at first with her wreath of lily buds, for spring; then, with her rosy cheek and full-blown wreath, she was warm and smiling summer; and then, with her drooping lilies and hectic cheek, she was autumn, with its dying flowers, and its richly-colored leaves, which in their brightness speak of decay. When you saw her fading, and marble white, she represented winter, and the death of the year. It was natural for you to call to her to stay; for we are always anxious to recall past time, that we may improve it better.

"Go now to bed, my dear children; and let each drop of those crystal cups be unstained by sin: so shall you see the new year that is opening upon us fade, without a wish to call it back."

ED.

THE ALARM-CLOCK.

"SUSY," said Frank Stanley one evening, "I have just thought of a capital idea."

"What is it, Frank!" asked Susy, looking up from her book.

"You know, Susy, how hard it is for me to get up early in the morning; and I must study before breakfast, or I shall never get a prize. Mamma won't let you call me since you took that cold, and Bridget always

says, 'Poor fellow, he is but young, and the sleep will do him more good than the books.' Now, I tell you what I will do: I mean to buy an alarm-clock."

"How, Frank?" asked Susy, opening wide her eyes, "don't they cost a great deal?"

"I heard uncle James say, that he bought one for two dollars and a half. Now, you know I have had my five-dollar gold piece since Christmas. I was going to buy books with it; but I mean to take half of it, and buy an alarm-clock. I shall still have a good deal left for books, you know."

"But do you think you should mind it, Frank? You know you did not always get up when I called you."

"Oh! an alarm-clock is different, Susy. You always called me gently, as if you thought it a pity to wake me; but the alarm won't have any pity, but will whiz and ring whether I want to get up or not. I have quite made up my mind."

Susy made no further objection. Indeed, she generally thought whatever Frank did was right. And she felt sure, if he would only study before breakfast, he would be the first boy in his class.

The next Saturday afternoon, Frank had leave to go down in town, and he returned just before dark with a mysterious-looking package in his hand, which he carried very carefully.

"Susy, Susy," called he, as he opened the parlor door, "come up stairs with me, quick: I have something to show you."

Susy ran up stairs as speedily as though she had on quicksilver-winged shoes, and found Frank with a pretty

little clock in his hand, which he was placing on the mantel-piece.

"There, isn't it a beauty, Susy? Now I will wind it up, and you ask papa and mamma to come up and see it."

"Papa is not at home," said Susy; "but I will ask mamma to come."

"And the children," called out Frank. "How Johnny and Kate will stare!"

Johnny was not to be found; but mamma, with little Kate in her arms, came to admire. They were almost as much pleased as Frank had expected; but he could not make the clock strike. He had not yet learned the art of rightly winding it up.

In the evening, his father was ushered up stairs with great ceremony, to approve of the new purchase.

"Very pretty, Frank, very pretty, and useful too, if you never disobey it; but beware of that, my boy."

Frank had just got into bed that night, when the alarm, which had been wound up for the wrong time, began to sound. Such a noise! It startled Frank a little; and Johnny, who was asleep in an adjoining room, started up, crying, —

"What is that noise, Frank? what is it? Has any wild animal got into your room?"

Frank laughed aloud: "No, no, Johnny, it is nothing but my alarm-clock. Go to sleep, and I will show it to you to-morrow."

Johnny went to sleep, but dreamed that he was with Masterman Ready, guarding the Seagraves, and the savages with a loud whoop were rushing upon him. Then he turned over, and slept quietly until morning.

Frank woke on Monday morning at the first sound of his alarm, and for several mornings was in the breakfast room studying at an early hour.

"Susy," said he, as he sat down to breakfast on Thursday morning, "I believe I have formed a habit of early rising. Now, don't you think the alarm-clock a good investment?"

"Ah Frank, dear," said his mother, "I fear four days are hardly long enough to form a habit."

"Well, but it is a good beginning, isn't it, mamma?" asked Susy.

"Certainly," replied her mother, "and I am much pleased that Frank has done so well thus far. And I trust it will continue," added she, as she smoothed his hair, and tied on his ribbon for school.

For several days longer, he only lingered a few moments in bed after his alarm had sounded; but, as there still was half an hour to study before breakfast, he thought he did very well.

Then came one bitter cold morning. "Oh!" thought he, "my lesson is easy to-day;" and he fell asleep again, and did not wake till the breakfast bell rang.

The next evening they had company, and he was very much interested in seeing his cousin and oldest brother play chess. Then he persuaded Susy to go sit down with him at the chess-board, that he might show her the moves which he had just learned.

"Have you finished your composition, Frank," whispered Susy across the table.

"It is all written, and I can easily transcribe it to-morrow morning," answered Frank.

Mr. Stanley came behind Susy just then, to show her

how the knight moved, and heard the question and answer, but made no remark.

Frank went to bed that night later than usual, and was very tired; but he wound up his clock, and fully intended to rise at its first sound.

When he woke next morning, he found the sun shining in his eyes, and Johnny singing in his little bedroom.

"Johnny, are you dressed?" asked he eagerly.

"O yes, I am just brushing my hair. I thought the 'wild animal' waked you long ago."

Frank jumped up, and washed and dressed with the greatest speed; but did not get down stairs till his father was drinking his second cup of coffee.

Susy had felt troubled when she came down and found Frank's desk unopened, and was just going to call him, when her father stopped her, saying, "No, no, Susy: Frank must learn to depend upon himself."

Frank had only time to swallow his breakfast, and prepare for school: his composition could not be carried until the next day. He lost several credits by this delay, and, besides, was not perfect in any of his lessons; so that it was a decidedly *dark day*.

In the evening, Frank was seated in the breakfast room copying his tardy composition, when his father entered.

"Frank, you were late this morning. Doesn't your clock strike now?"

"Yes, sir; but I did not hear it this morning."

"I suppose the reason was, that you had neglected it before. I have noticed that you have been growing late for several mornings. Now, my son, I have something

serious to say to you. If you had asked me before buying that clock, I should have advised you not to do it, thinking it better for you to form the habit of waking without it. But now you have an alarm, I think it important to your character that you should learn to obey it."

"But, papa, how could I hear it when I was asleep? I really meant to wake up."

"Ah, my son, you had disobeyed it once, and then it failed to rouse you. It is somewhat so with conscience: if we neglect her warnings, our souls grow drowsy, and we cannot hear her. Perhaps, Frank, you may think I attach too much importance to so small a matter. But the will and power to do right is never a trifle. And," added he seriously, as he turned to go out, "suppose your soul should fall asleep, and wake up *too late*."

"Frank, what is the matter?" asked Susy, as she came into the room a few moments later, and found Frank sitting with his face in his hands.

"O Susy! I have had such a horrible dream. I thought my soul was lying asleep, and I seemed to be standing watching it. Presently there came a great serpent with two heads, and stood beside it. I tried to call out, but I could not. I had Kate's coral and bells in my hand, and I tried to ring that; but it did not hear. Then there came a little bird, and sang on the tree; but the soul did not move. I was just saying in an agony, "Oh! you will wake up too late," when my slate fell from my lap, and I waked up all in a fright, feeling so dreadful! I suppose what put it into my head was, that papa has been talking to me about obeying my alarm; and he said, perhaps if I did not, my soul might sleep

some day and wake up *too late*. O Susy! I will learn self-control: so help me Heaven."

"Yes, Frank: mamma says God can help us do right when no one else can. Come let us go and wind the clock."

This incident made so strong an impression upon Frank, that he entirely conquered his indolence and self-indulgence; and, when he grew to be a man, he always strove to keep his soul awake, ready to hear the faintest whisper of conscience. D. F. A.

SIGHTS IN ROME.

THERE are a great many splendid palaces and villas in and about Rome. Among the palaces, the *Vatican* would interest you most. This is one of the Pope's palaces. He has another in the city, called the *Quirinal* palace; but it is on a much smaller scale. It would be impossible to give you a minute description of this vast palace. It contains a multitude of works of art, ancient and modern, and the rarest collection of Etruscan, Roman, and Egyptian antiquities to be found in Italy, perhaps in the world. Besides, it contains a mammoth library, comprising some 40,000 bound volumes, and nearly 24,000 rare manuscripts. There has been a palace on this spot for a thousand years, or more. Charlemagne resided here. The present edifice, however, is comparatively modern. It was built at different times, and first occupied as a permanent residence by the Popes in 1377. They probably selected this place, on account

of its being situated very near the castle of St. Angelo, to which from the Vatican, they can easily retreat, in case of any invasion or serious disturbance among their own subjects, and shut themselves up in comparative safety. That castle did not prove a safe asylum for the present Pope. A few years ago, however, when so large a portion of the Romans took it into their heads to demand a little more liberty of the Holy Father at the point of the bayonet, Pius IX., as you know, was obliged to abandon his splendid palace and strong castle, and to flee from Rome; and he would have remained an outcast in a strange land, until this day, had it not been for the French people, who, at the same time that they were boasting of their devotion to liberty, and soon after they had driven their king into exile, planted their cannon under the walls of Rome, and brought back the Pope, through fields of blood, to lord it again over an unwilling people. The space it occupies is immense. Its length is said to be 1151 English feet, and its breadth 767 feet. It is a common remark, which I see no reason to doubt, that the palace with its grounds covers a space as large as Turin. The number of its halls, chambers, galleries, &c., almost exceeds belief. It has 8 grand staircases, 200 smaller ones, 20 courts, and 4422 apartments, some of them of great magnitude.

The *scala regia* is perhaps the most remarkable staircase in the world. It consists of two long flights, the lower decorated with Ionic columns, and the upper with pilasters. It would not be difficult to drive up this staircase in a coach. It leads to the hall of audience for ambassadors. From this hall is the entrance to the Sistine Chapel, a private chapel of the Pope's, ornamented

with frescoes by Raphael, and the best in Rome. Near the Sistine Chapel, and opening from the same grand hall, is the Pauline Chapel. It is only used on great occasions, like that of Holy Week.

The number of pictures in the galleries of the Vatican is not so great as in many other palaces in Rome and Florence. But most of those to be seen here are very select, and some of them are hardly exceeded by any thing in Italy.

The museum, I think, would interest you quite as much as any part of the palace. One hall, reaching 331 yards in length, is occupied almost altogether with inscriptions taken from different ancient monuments. On one side of the hall you see those of Pagan origin, and, on the other, those of the early Christians. The slabs on which these inscriptions appear are set carefully and tastefully into the wall. A walk through this gallery is like a visit to an ancient cemetery. The collection contains upward of 3,000 specimens, and is unquestionably the most complete in existence. They were taken from different burial-places, many of them from the catacombs. Another part of the museum contains 700 pieces of sculpture, arranged in thirty different apartments. Connected with the museum, too, is another hall, 232 feet in length, supported by twelve fine columns with Corinthian capitals. The floor is paved with beautiful marbles and mosaics. There are forty-two statues and seventy-two busts in the collection. In another part of the museum, embracing some six or eight rooms, we have also a large collection of statues and busts. Then there is a collection of remarkable and curious antiquities, universally acknowledged to be the finest in the world,

called the museum of Popes Pius and Clement. Then there are the hall of the busts, the hall of the muses, the circular hall, the hall of the Greek cross, the cabinet of the masks, the hall of the Bija (so called from the ancient white marble chariot which is preserved there), and I cannot recollect how many other halls, all filled with works of art, every one of which would fill you with astonishment.

One of the most interesting collections in the museum is that called the *Museo Gregoriano*, after the Pope to whom we are indebted for it. This is a collection of Etruscan curiosities, and embraces a very large number of specimens.

Besides all these, we have the gallery of Egyptian curiosities, the gallery of the candelabra, an imposing hall, upward of a thousand feet in length, filled with a miscellaneous collection of ancient candelabra, columns, statues, arranged in six or seven apartments, the latter of which would occupy you a whole day, but which I must not stop now to describe. Some of these rooms are open to the public on certain days of the week, free of expense ; but, to see the most of them, it requires a fee to the *custode*, or porter of the respective rooms, of from two to three pauls for a party.

A ramble in the garden and park connected with the Vatican was an exceedingly pleasant one to me. I was in company, at the time, of a gentleman and his lady from Hartford, in the good old State of Connecticut. The grounds are very extensive, and a vast amount of labor and expense has been lavished upon them. All the flowers of the season bloomed in the garden. Oranges and lemons hung from the trees, and pure

water flowed from jets and fountains. There is quite a large forest connected with the grounds, and I gathered from it a bouquet of the most beautiful wild flowers I have seen since I left my own dear native land. Among other curiosities in the garden, I saw the name and title of the Pope, with his coat of arms, formed of separate sprigs of box, set closely together. The words, which were very neatly and perfectly formed, and which I could read, standing on an elevated spot of ground, at a great distance, were these : "Pius IX. Pontifex Maximus." The words "Pontifex Maximus," by the way, occur so often in Rome, on churches and monuments and old ruins, and, in fact, everywhere else, that one gets heartily tired of the sight of them.

The gardener, stimulated by the two pauls we gave him, was exceedingly polite. He showed us a number of magic jets of water, which, I am sure, would have pleased the younger portion of my friends exceedingly. I think I know a little girl in New York, who would have been so delighted with those things, that she would have clapped her hands and danced about, as if she were half crazy. The gardener asked us to step down a flight of stairs, into another part of the garden. We did so. There we saw a basin, perhaps as large as your parlor, filled with water, and in it a ship of war, all rigged with port-holes and cannons, and a man blowing a trumpet. We were admiring the ship, when, all at once, streams of water flowed from every part of the ship. It seemed as if there were a battle going on. The streams of water imitated fire. Every cannon threw water from its mouth, and little streams crossed each other in every part of the ship. Even the man with the trumpet seemed to blow

fire out of his mouth. By and by, these jets stopped playing, and the gardener asked us to ascend the steps. We had just commenced doing so, when scores of little streams, as if by magic, started from the stone wall on either side of the staircase. Then the man, after we had reached the top of the stairs, begged us to retire a little out of the way of the jets. Well, we stepped back a few paces, and, in an instant, multitudes of little jets started up under our feet. We retired still farther back, and other jets still burst from the ground. The magic jets were amongst the most amusing sights I saw in Rome. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

ANSWER TO WILLIE.

It makes us very glad, Willie,
To know that you are near ;
And that you love and guard us still
In heaven, as you did here.

We were very lonely, Willie,
When first you went away ;
It seemed so very sad and strange
To miss you so each day.

The tears would often flow, Willie,
When we stood beside the spot
Where they laid you down to sleep in death, —
Where did we miss you not ?

We missed you in dear mother's room,
Where you loved much to stay,
And read to her your story-books,
Or with us softly play.

When in our garden-plot we worked,
We missed you in the walk ;
But most at *twilight*, Willie,
When we had our pleasant talk.

It was hard to feel, dear Willie,
We should see you here no more, —
No more find wild flowers in the fields,
Together, as before.

But when we thought of *you*, Willie,
A flower-crowned angel bright,
Happy and well again in heaven,
Where there is no more night, —

Our grief was turned to happiness,
And we rejoiced to know,
That sometime to that blessed place
We too, if good, might go ;

And meet you, and dear mother,
And Christ, who bids us come,
And share with him the blessed joy
Of his beloved home.

H. S. H.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

"MILLIE, Millie!" called Joe and Donald Wharton, at their sister's chamber-door, one frosty winter's morning. "Don't you know it's New Year's Day, sister, and you are later than usual?"

"I'm coming presently," called Millie from within; at which the boys rapped more vigorously than ever, and then gave a shout, as a step was heard on the stairs.

"Here comes Mac, and he'll hurry you, Millie," boasted the two younger boys. Mac came slowly down, rubbing his hands together to warm them.

"What now?" he said to his two little brothers.

"Only getting up the lazybones," answered Joe. "Come, Mac, give her one of your double raps, and that will send her out in very quick time."

But not even one of Mac's college raps, so often repeated for the edification of his brothers, had any apparent effect in hastening Millie's appearance. Mac preferred the warm fireside to the cold entry, and soon retired, leaving the field to the two boys. Joe fumbled in his pocket, and, drawing from it a pencil, he pushed it into the key-hole. The key fell into the chamber within, and both boys hailed this performance with a clamorous expression of delight.

"Why, Don," said Joe, after applying his eye to the key-hole for a minute, "she's up, and dressed, and reading."

"You disobliging girl!" he screamed through the key-hole. "Come, open the door now. We are almost frozen."

"I'm not quite ready, Joe. In a minute," was heard from within; and suddenly a noise in the street called the boys to the window of another room; and, when they returned, Millie stood at the door of her chamber, and smilingly bade them good morning.

"We wished you first, Millie, we wished you first." Millie stepped back into her chamber, and, taking from a drawer two pair of warm woollen mittens, she said, "And here are your New Year's gifts. Now let us go down. There is the bell."

"Well, Amelia," said her brother Mac, "what were you about this morning? I found these two urchins pounding at your door, and I rapped myself, without making the slightest impression."

"Except upon your knuckles, Mac," rejoined Millie; "but I was not quite ready to come, and knocking does not hurry me."

"She was reading," proclaimed Joe, in a triumphant tone. "I peeped through the key-hole, and saw her." But Joe was instantly discomfited by Mac, who asked him if he was not ashamed of himself to look through a key-hole. This reproof from a *student* was enough for Joe. He held his peace; and, Mr. and Mrs. Wharton entering at the same moment, they all sat down to breakfast.

"Now, mother, I'm going over to cousin Lu's," said Millie, pushing back her chair from the table, when breakfast was done.

"Stop a minute, Millie. Biddy was kept awake all last night by the toothache, and has gone now to the dentist's. You must help me wash the breakfast dishes."

"Now for the thunder-cloud," whispered Joe, as he punched Mac, to make him look towards Amelia.

Millie looked disappointed, but she said nothing; and Mac resumed his newspaper, while Millie quietly helped her mother in her household duties.

"Now you may go, Amelia," she said, when the dining-room had been nicely dusted. "I can do the remainder of the work myself."

"Come, Millie," said Joe, who had been lounging about, very much in the way, "I want to see Sam, and I'll go with you."

"No, I'll help mother finish now, and be ready to set off in half an hour," replied his sister; and her various duties were so well and quickly despatched, that her mother, knowing her distaste for housework, rewarded her with a kiss, and one of her brightest smiles. In less than half an hour, she gave her hand to Joe, and was running with him along the icy path. They had not proceeded far when they heard a sudden cry of distress, and, looking towards the opposite side of the road, saw a boy about the age of Joe, who seemed to have hurt himself by a fall on the ice. Both hastened over to inquire, and saw that the poor child had fallen in such a manner, that the axe which he carried had inflicted a severe wound upon his left hand, from which the blood was streaming. Now, as Millie always turned away from looking at or binding up the cut fingers of her brothers, Joe naturally expected that she would quickly escape; but, to his surprise, she seized upon a corner of the boy's handkerchief, which hung out of his pocket, wrapped it round his injured hand, and told him that they would go with him to the nearest doctor.

Joe walked behind, staring in mute astonishment, as Millie tried to comfort the child. "Would not you like to have your mother with you, while the doctor dresses the cut?" asked she.

The brave little fellow hesitated a moment, and then answered, "No: it would frighten her very much if any one should go for her; and, if I come home with my hand nicely bound up, she will not feel half so badly." Fortunately, they reached the doctor's, and found him at home; for the child had become so faint, from the sight and loss of blood combined, that he could have walked no farther.

Amelia would have liked best to leave the doctor's, and to have been spared the sight of the dressing; but her heart told her this would not be kind, so she stood by him, talking soothingly, and smoothing his hair, while Joe held bandages, brought smelling salts, and made himself extremely useful. Not till the good doctor had finished his work, did he ask who the children were.

"Our names are Amelia and Joseph Wharton," answered Joe; "but we do not know this boy. We found him in the street just as he had fallen, and hurt himself."

"My name is William Acres," said the other, "and I live in the new house at the end of the village. I had been to get my father's axe sharpened, and was going home when I fell; and this little boy and girl came and helped me up, and brought me here."

The doctor blew his nose violently, turned suddenly away to the other side of the room, wrote a few moments, and then came forward with three books in his hand.

"This is New Year's Day," he said, "and I had

selected these books for some of my nephews and nieces ; but I can get plenty more. You, my little fellow, deserve to be rewarded for your bravery, and these other children for their kindness."

Millie hesitated a moment, and then said, gently, "Mother always says we should not take a reward for only doing our duty."

The doctor turned to the first page of the volume, on which was written her name, and said, "It is too late to be helped now. Take it, my dear child. May you have as much pleasure in reading it as I have in giving it to you, and remember that it is no harm to accept a reward for a kind action if you have not done it with the expectation of one. Come to-morrow, Master William, and let me see your hand."

He shut the street-door behind them ; and the brother and sister, taking leave of their companion, and making him promise to come and see them, hurried to cousin Lu's. Lu had been expecting Millie for a long time, and the arrangements for the New Year's tree were sadly behindhand. The day passed over in happy chat, and cousin Lu admired Willie's new book ; and, as they talked, the arrangements were made, and the tree loaded with its precious fruit.

At dusk, as Joe and his sister were going home together, to arrange their dresses for Lu's evening party, Joe said, "Now tell me, Millie, what you were reading this morning. I had forgotten to ask you till now."

"I was reading the Bible, Joe," she quietly answered.

"Reading the Bible ! Why, father always reads it in the morning."

"Yes, but that is not like reading it yourself ; and,

besides, it was New Year's morning, and the minister told us yesterday about making good resolutions for the New Year."

And do you believe reading the Bible helps us to keep our good resolutions, Millie? Because, if it does," he added, bashfully, "I ought to read it; for last night I resolved not to tease you, and I was doing it the very first thing this morning."

"Oh! you need not mind that. Your knocking did not tease me."

"That was because you had made up your mind not to be teased, and you were reading the Bible, too; but I was just as bad as if you had really been angry. And that was why you helped mother so pleasantly, and were so kind to William Acres, although you do not like to see any one hurt. I'll read the Bible myself."

This conversation brought the children to their home; and, when Joe came to his mother to have a very intricate snarl pulled out of his curly hair, he informed her of all that had happened that day, in consequence of Millie's reading the Bible to help her to keep her good resolutions.

"And I'm going to read the Bible, too," said he, "because, if Millie is so good always, it will be a shame for me to tease her; and I am sure I cannot help it myself."

"We can do nothing in our own strength, my dear son," answered his mother; "but may He from whom all strength comes, aid both my dear children to keep their good resolutions."

ED.

INDIAN SUMMER.

We do not know the author of the following pleasant poem, which we find in a recent number of the Musical Review. A sweeter fancy of the "Indian Summer" we have never seen.

THERE is a time, just ere the frost
 Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
 When Autumn, in a reverie lost,
 The mellow day-time dreams away ;
 When Summer comes, in musing mind,
 To gaze once more on hill and dell,
 To mark how many sheaves they bind,
 And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low ;
 The dying flowers look up, and give
 Their sweetest incense, ere they go,
 For her who made their beauties live.
 She enters 'neath the woodland shade ;
 Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
 And bear it gently where are laid
 The loved and lost ones of its grief.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 19.

Monday morning, Nov. 22. — Vacation ! I wish there was no vacation ; and I wish it wasn't November, nor Thanksgiving week ! I don't want winter to come, nor company to come. It is all very disagreeable indeed, — *very* ! Mother is so busy with Jane in the kitchen, washing and baking, — doing all sorts of things, I believe. And here I have to stay, amusing Eddie and Eva, when I want to have a good, happy vacation-time.

Carrie came for me this morning, to go and slide with her; and I wanted to go. I hate to stay here dusting parlors, and waiting upon the children; and I will not do it pleasantly, — I *cannot*, I mean. I hate to see mother so busy, cooking pies and cakes and puddings. Oh me! Well, I suppose George and Percy will like them; and so will Emilia; and so do — *I*. But — suppose I *am* selfish: seems to me other people are selfish, too. I am no more selfish than the other children; mother ought not to think that I am. There is May in the kitchen, having a real good time, helping mother. She likes it; and I am sure it isn't any thing so very good in her to do the thing she likes. She provokes me, always hopping about, and saying, —

“Isn't it splendid, Annie, to have Thanksgiving so near; and to have aunt and uncle coming, with sister Em.; and to have George and Percy come home? Oh how *joysome* it will be!”

If I didn't feel so cold and so unhappy, perhaps it might be “*joysome*” to me. But I don't like any thing now. I don't even like writing in my journal.

Nov. 23. — If the sun would only shine, I should feel a great deal happier. It is so cold, all *shivery* cold, that I don't want to do any thing. Mother was displeased because I sat by the fire this morning, and let May make our bed alone. She says, — “I cannot have such an indolent little-girl. You must jump and run, to get warm.”

And father told me that he would not allow me to *mope* so, burning my face up in the chimney corner. And so he sent me of an errand. I asked him why May couldn't go; but he only said, “Do as I require you.” Now, he

says he will take us to the depot with him, to meet uncle and aunt, with Emilia, from New York. If I say I don't wish to go, he will look at me, and speak to me just as he did then; but I *don't* want to go. The cold makes such dreadful chilblains; and, besides, I don't know aunt and uncle at all; and Emilia—I shan't know what to say to her, she has been gone away so long. May won't let me write a moment.

"Come, Annie!—*Annie, come!* Make haste and get ready! new hoods and new tippets! they look so pretty. *Will* you come?"

Oh, dear! I suppose I must.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, ERRATA, &c.

Our thanks are due to E. G., M. M., and E. A. T., for contributions to the magazine. Our only way to acknowledge their kindness is through these pages. Their articles shall appear as we find room for them.

We neglected, in the December number, to give credit for two articles. "The Little Wood-gatherers" was taken from the "New Church Magazine," and "The Indian Birds" from a charming little English periodical published by Mary Howitt, and called "The Dial of Love."

We lay the following puzzle before our young friends:—

I am a phrase of eleven letters.

My 9, 6, 1, 5, is an inhabitant of Denmark.

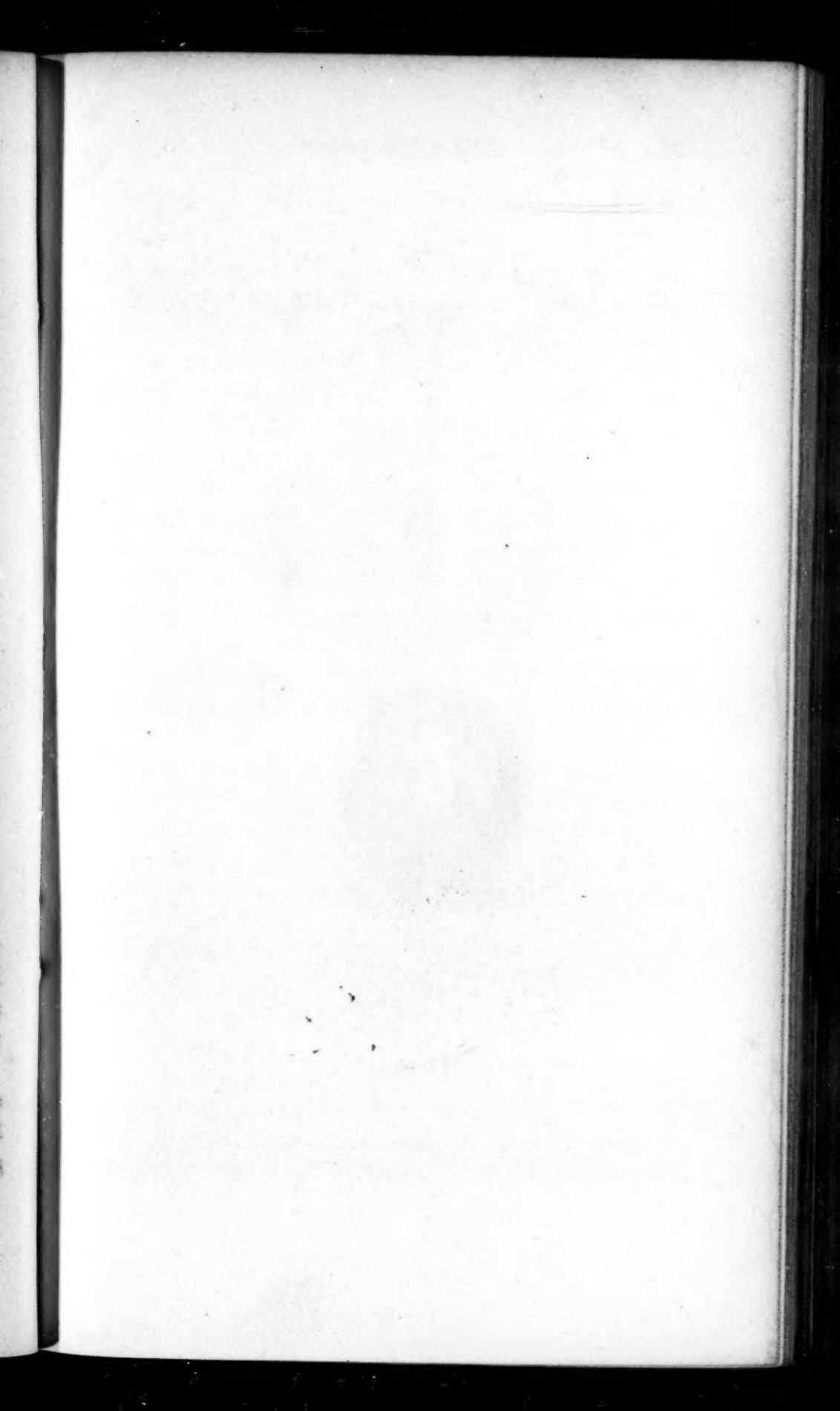
My 4, 10, 7, 9, is a measure.

My 3, 5, 2, 9, is found in the garden.

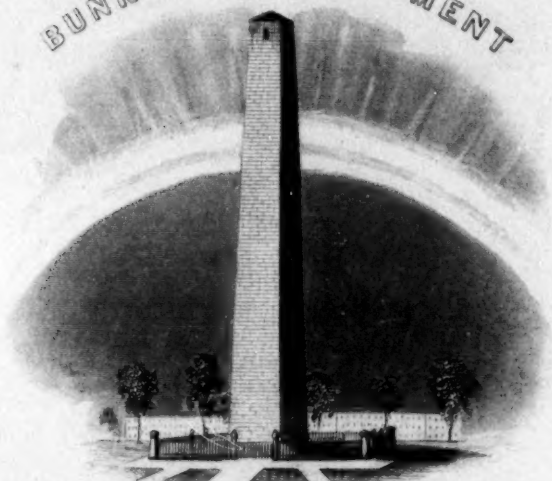
My 8, 3, 10, 1, is a beautiful bird.

My 11, 2, 6, is an assent; and

My 1, 10, 4, a denial.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT



COMMEMORATIVE OF JUNE 17, 1775.
CONSECRATED, JUNE 17, 1843.



MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH WARREN.

Who was slain in the Battle on Bunker Hill.

For God's inalienable rights to man,
Our fathers fought and bled!
So glorious were those rights, secured,
The sons revere the dead.

Presented to the U.S. Congress, in the year 1843, by Nathl. Dearborn in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

LITTLE MAY WINSLOW lost her mother before she was two years old; and, for some years, she, with a sister and brother older, remained in the care of their grandmother. Their father, though fond of his children, found his home sad after the death of his wife; and, satisfied with knowing the children were well, spent much of his time away. But, as they grew older, and the effect of the indulgence with which they were treated became more visible, Mr. Winslow began to notice that Gertrude was idle, and often disrespectful; that Fred grew rude and noisy; and that "pretty May," his chief pet, was becoming wayward and passionate.

May was nearly six years old when their grandmother went away, and, for a little while, they were left in the charge of the servants; then Mr. Winslow, on his return from a journey, brought with him a pleasant-looking lady, and the house had a new mistress, the children a new mother. It was not long before a difference was observable in their children; for their new mother was kind and wise and good, and the little ones soon learned to love her dearly. Mr. Winslow lived in a large and pleasant town in the country, and in the summer Frederic and May attended the district school, while Gertrude, the eldest, went to the academy; in the winter, the little girl studied at home.

Rather more than a year had passed since this change in the family; and, one bright summer day, May set off to school, as happy as any little girl of seven years old need be. Her father stopped to watch the beautiful

child out of sight, and then took the cars for the city, as was his daily custom. Mrs. Winslow was very much surprised, therefore, when, at about ten o'clock, May rushed in, panting for breath, without bonnet or satchel, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes red with crying. As soon as she had regained breath enough to speak, she sobbed out, "O mother! don't let me ever go to that school again! I can't! I won't!"

Mrs. Winslow saw that something had excited the child very much; and she said quietly, "We will talk of that by and by, May; lie down on the sofa, and rest yourself. As soon as I have finished baking, I will come to you, and hear what is the matter."

May obeyed; and when, half an hour after, Mrs. Winslow entered the sitting-room, the little girl was quite calm again. "And now, May, what is the trouble? and where is your bonnet? and how came you home at this hour?"

"My bonnet is at school; I ran home in recess, because I wouldn't stay," answered the child, looking up in her mother's face. "And I will never, never go there again."

"But why not, my child? Has any one ill treated you? What terrible thing has happened?"

May tried to control herself. "I will tell you, mother. When we were going to school this morning, Fred and I, we saw a little black girl at Mrs. Denison's gate. Just after school began, Mrs. Denison came in with that same girl, and said she wanted her to come to school. And Miss Archer said she might, mother! and she heard her read and spell, and put her in our class! and she gave her the seat next to me!" continued the

child, growing excited again; "and if she is in our class, I'll never go to school again!" A fresh burst of tears accompanied the last words.

Mrs. Winslow laid her hand on the little girl's head. "I haven't heard the whole story yet, May. Did you ask Miss Archer to let you sit somewhere else?"

"Yes, ma'am; but she wouldn't. And then I cried, and asked her to let me come home, and she said no; so I ran away at recess. Sit with a black child! I! indeed I will not."

Mrs. Winslow could scarcely forbear smiling at the tone in which May spoke, or at the dignified manner in which she drew up her little figure to its utmost height. "But I do not quite understand yet, my dear. Was this little girl dirty and ragged in her dress?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did she look cross or unkind?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did she do any thing that was wrong or improper?"

"No, ma'am; she behaved well enough; better than some of the girls do."

"Then why couldn't you sit by her?"

"Because she was black; May Winslow isn't going to be with blacks."

"Were the other girls unwilling to have her by them?"

"Some of them were; some didn't care. But I care! and I needn't go any more, need I, mother?"

"I must talk with father first, my child. But does May Winslow know who made her?"

May looked up in surprise. "Yes, mother, God made me."

"And who made the little black girl?"

"I suppose God made her too."

"And does it make you any better than she is, that God gave you a white skin, and her a black one?"

"Not any better, perhaps; but I don't like black folks."

"And yet I don't see but you like your uncle's great black dog quite as well as if he was white; and your black kitten you think quite as pretty as Gertrude's white one."

May looked perplexed. "They are not children," she said.

"No, dear; but does the color make any more difference in children than in dogs and kittens? I should think, if this little girl were good and kind and pleasant, her schoolmates would like to look at her. Mrs. Denison says Nancy is very good and obedient; she asked me if I thought Miss Archer would let her come, and if the children would treat her well. I told her yes; for how could I suspect that my own little May would be the first to be rude or unkind?"

May's lip quivered, and a tear trembled in her eye. Any imputation of rudeness or unkindness grieved her exceedingly; for she was very loving, and usually lady-like in her manners. Mrs. Winslow went on without seeming to notice this. "Suppose you should lose your parents, and go to live with a stranger; and that you wished to learn to read and write and spell, but could not except at school. Suppose you went to school, and that a little girl, who had a kind father and mother, brother and sister, and a pleasant home and every thing to make her happy, should refuse to sit by you, and cry

and run away, because she did not like your face. Would it not make you feel very sad and unhappy? and should you not think the little girl very unkind?"

May's tears now were tears of sorrow and shame, not of anger. "I didn't mean to be unkind, mother," she said. "But Grandma Ellis used to tell us not to have any thing to do with such people."

"Perhaps those she meant were not good children, May," said Mrs. Winslow, who was unwilling to say any thing in blame of the kind grandmother, although she was well aware that her training, in some respects, had been most injudicious. "But some one knocks; can you go to the door? Not with such red eyes, perhaps: I will go." She opened the door, and there stood Nancy, the little black girl.

A. A.

(To be continued.)

PALESTINE.

WE trust the Rev. Mr. Holland will pardon our thus circulating an interesting address on Palestine made to the children of the Second Church Sunday-school in Boston, one bright sabbath morning in June. We give it, as nearly as we can recollect, in his own words. — Ed.

CHILDREN, I wish to tell you something about Palestine, something which may interest you, and may make it appear real and true to you, — as true as truth itself. The country itself is very little changed since the time of our Saviour, that is to say, in its scenery, and natural features. You remember that the prophets and Jesus foretold the desolation of Palestine: this has come to

pass. When you go through New England, you see a house, then a school-house, then the church with its white finger pointing to heaven; but in Palestine it is not so. There I often travelled from morning till night, without seeing a single house. The whole country is sad, desolate, solemn as the grave. There are very few birds or animals to be seen. Sometimes the scream of the jackal is heard, and sometimes, in passing a mountain thicket, the cry of the partridge. Travellers are seldom met; for, until the last few years, people have been afraid to travel there without a strong guard, because the Arabs were in the habit of plundering and murdering those whom they encountered; but now the Arabs are in great fear of Ibrahim Pacha, who is a governor of Egypt and a sort of Napoleon, and their robberies are stopped. Then, too, there are no roads, which greatly impedes travelling.

I wish first to tell you of the mountains of Palestine. The first mountain in our course, after we started from Beyrout on the seacoast, was Mount Hermon. The day was as warm as it is to-day, though it was in February; but the top of Mount Hermon was covered with snow. The Psalmist speaks of the "dews of Hermon;" but we enjoyed something more generous than dew, plentiful showers of rain, all the time we were near it. It was a beautiful sight to see its silvery needles, standing up against the sky.

Mount Tabor is a singular mountain. It rises, like a round green hill, from the plains which lie around it. The top of it is flat and broad, and it was there that our Saviour delivered his "Sermon on the Mount." Mount Tabor resembles very much some of the Vermont

hills; only they are all rounded at the top, and not flattened like it.

The mountains of Lebanon are very lofty peaks. Before my journey to Palestine, I used to think that the mountains there would not seem to me so lofty as they are described, because I was accustomed to our giant summits; but I was mistaken. A proof of the very great height of a mountain is its barrenness. On the tops of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, not a shrub or blade of grass grows, and so it is with the mountains of Lebanon. We travelled a whole day without seeing a single green leaf, or spire of grass. David speaks, in the Bible, of stormy vapor fulfilling the word of God. We experienced this stormy vapor; for, in crossing the mountains of Lebanon, there arose a violent storm of hail, wind, and mist. The guides refused to go on; but my companion and myself, feeling that we were as likely to perish in staying as in proceeding, determined to advance, and our guides followed us.

Olivet, or the Mount of Olives, is near Jerusalem. It is covered with old gnarled and decayed olive-trees that were probably there in the time of the Saviour. A portion of the ground at the lower part of the hill, enclosed with a wall higher than a man's head, contains several of the oldest of these trees, and is probably the Garden of Gethsemane.

Now, let me speak to you of the waters of Palestine. One reason why so many wells and fountains are preserved is that people value them very highly, and many a person who would murder a man would think it wicked to stop up a well. Near Nazareth is a well called the Well of Mary, from the mother of Jesus. Many gentle-

looking Christian women were near it, and I could imagine readily that Mary had drawn water there.

The pool and fountain of Siloam are near the walls of Jerusalem. It has lately been discovered by an American that this pool is supplied by water brought in aqueducts from Bethlehem, and which Solomon must have built about a thousand years before Christ, and nearly three thousand years ago. These aqueducts are of stone; and the water, after first supplying the temple, bubbles up in the pool of Siloam. The waste water from its fountain refreshes the gardens near it.

The Sea of Galilee, or, as the Arabs call it, the Sea of Tiberias, from the only town on its borders, is a large lake, shut in by high hills. I spent one night encamped by its side, and I cannot describe to you the utter loneliness of the scene. No signs of life were around except near our encampment, which consisted of low, black tents made of camel-skin, around which our cattle were tethered. You remember that the disciples of Jesus used to fish on the lake, and there is in it a great abundance of delicious fish. I myself tasted one of them; but now not a boat is to be seen on the lake. It is still subject to those fearful squalls which terrified the disciples. Tiberias is built almost down into the lake, and the only other inhabited place near is Magdala, — a little collection of six houses and the birth-place of Mary Magdalene; Magdalene signifying belonging to Magdala.

The river Jordan, the only large river of the country, has been supposed to rise in Lake Merom, a lake which is a marsh in the summer, and which pastures a great number of sheep; but an American missionary has lately discovered that it has two sources. This stream is very

irregular and winding. The whole distance, from its mouth to its source in a straight line, is sixty miles; but the length of its course is two hundred. It is very shallow in some places, so that the water would not come above the knees; and a little above, at a place where I bathed, it is about twelve feet deep. It has, too, very many falls and rapid currents, so that it has never been used, and probably never will be, for purposes of business. It discharges itself into the Dead Sea.

The Dead Sea, or, as the Arabs call it, the Sea of Lot, is a most remarkable place. I left Jerusalem, shivering with the cold; and, when I arrived at the Dead Sea, the heat was insupportable. It lies a thousand feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and has sulphur springs near it, and there is a sulphurous odor around constantly. The water is so heavy that neither men nor horses can swim in it, and it imparts a tingling, smarting sensation to the skin. Fishes could not live in it; and though birds might skim its surface, yet, as they could not find their food in it, a wing never rests upon it. Captain Lynch, of the United States Exploring Expedition, let fall a book into the lake, which he could never dry. Its leaves were always covered with a kind of slime. The substances which render the water so heavy are found to be muriate of soda, and muriate of potash. It has no visible outlet, and the waters which the Jordan pours into it appears to escape only by evaporation.

Some of the customs of Palestine are still retained. A man who takes a poor man's garment for the payment of a debt returns it now at night, as he did in the time of Moses. The reason is this. The people there do not

undress as we do to go to bed. They merely draw out a mat, lie down upon it, wrap their clothes around them, and go to sleep. The nights are sometimes extremely cold, and a man deprived of his upper garment would suffer much. This also explains some other facts in the Bible. It is no impropriety for a whole family to sleep in one room, and strangers always sleep in the room with the family.

Jesus, when he predicted the destruction of Jerusalem, said, "Let him who is on the house-top not go down." This is the explanation. Most of the houses are one story high, and built against the side of a hill, so that at the back the roof of the house touches the hill, and a person could escape into the country much more easily from the roof than by going down into the street.

Jesus also says, "Two women shall be grinding corn." Hand-mills are used throughout Palestine for grinding corn, and are invariably turned by women. When great haste is necessary, two women are employed, one of whom supplies the mill with corn, while the other grinds.

I must describe to you two or three of the towns of Palestine. Nazareth contains four or five thousand inhabitants, the greater part of whom are Christians. Their church is built over what they say was the house where Jesus lived. The descent to it is down about twenty stone steps under the altar. It consists of a sort of grotto, divided into two rooms. Now, as many of the poorer people of Nazareth live to this day in caverns of this sort, it is not improbable that this may have been the spot.

At Bethlehem, the stable is shown where the Saviour was born. This is also a cavern just on the edge of the

town, on the side towards Jerusalem, where Mary and Joseph would have been most likely to stay. There once was a silver star to mark the spot over which the star in the heavens stood. That has been stolen, but will probably be replaced. Bethlehem is almost in ruins, most of the houses having been torn down by the Turks, because the people would not submit to them, when they conquered the country. The inhabitants of this town subsist entirely on money gained from the pilgrims, by the sale of little crosses or other figures of olive-wood or ivory, which travellers buy as remembrances of the Holy Land.

At Jerusalem, the narrow and winding streets strike a person very forcibly. Here is the church of the Holy Sepulchre, enclosing, as they say, the tomb of Jesus. This also is not improbable. The church is in a part of the town where wealthy people, like Joseph of Arimathea, lived. The sepulchre is a rock, hollowed out by nature, and such as is frequently found in lime-stone countries like Palestine. These were often used as burial-places, and Joseph might have destined this for his own tomb. In this church, many different sects of Christians come to worship; but each has its separate place assigned it. The Greek Church, the Roman Catholic, the Americans, the Copts, all have their portion of the church. Each sect, too, has its own lamps; and, when it holds a feast, it may light its own, but not those of any other sect. I saw a large rent in the roof of the church; and, when I asked why it was not repaired, was told that the Greek Church would not allow the Catholics to do it, nor would the Catholics suffer the Greek Church to repair it, so it was left for the rain and snow to drive through at their

pleasure. I could not help wondering what must be the thoughts of the infidel guard who kept the door. He saw all these Christians, believing in the same God and the same Master, and yet so ready to give way to their own passions, and to fight, that he, with his soldiers, was stationed there to preserve peace. It may teach you, children, a lesson of love to one another, by which others, "seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

THE LAY OF THE GERMAN MOTHER.

THERE comes an angel, bright and fair,
From the misty realms above,
And hears the little child's low prayer,
As it speaks in tones of love.

Heavenward it spreads its golden wings,
Bearing the message there;
And softly it speaks the prayer it brings,
Of the children good and fair.

Then daily, my child, lift up thy voice
Up to the God of love;
And nightly, when at thy couch, rejoice, —
Thy Father hears above.

And softly, as breaks the morning light,
Lift thy prayer to him alway,
For watching o'er thee throughout the night,
And throughout the weary day.

WM. EDWARD KNOWLES.

INSTINCT OF INSECTS.

THE fear of enemies is a very prevalent feeling among insects, and constantly calls for the exercise of their instinctive precautions. The larva of the May-fly is hatched at the surface of the water, but immediately sinks to the bottom, a naked, defenceless maggot, and, as such, a choice morsel for many sorts of fish. To prevent this catastrophe, the worm has a power of discharging from the mouth, or from the pores of its body, a glutinous substance, which forms a case, to which small stones, bits of straw, and other matters adhere, and which completely disguises and defends the worm from its enemies. While thus enclosed, it moves from place to place upon the mud, by pushing out its head and fore-legs in front, and trailing its house behind; but into which it retreats, if alarmed. They undergo their last change in this case, from which they ascend out of the water by the help of a stem of a rush. Then they spread their wings, and fly over the surface of the water for about the space of one day, in which they prepare another brood, and die.

Many of the large beetles breed in the ground, where their larva remain feeding on the roots of trees and other plants for a period of several years. The grubs are large, and are a delicious morsel for birds, if they can dig them out; and, when they assume their perfect form, they are also preyed upon by many different kinds of birds. This the beetles appear to be perfectly aware of before they quit their subterranean abode. They also know that their enemies seek their food by day, and go

to rest by night; or else how should they make it a point to lie for a whole fine day after they are perfectly formed and able to fly anywhere, just within the surface of the turf, waiting till their enemies have gone to roost before they venture forth? About half an hour or an hour after sunset, a period which they must feel (not see) from their dark abode, they issue out in vast numbers, first opening their wing-cases and unfolding their wings.

This general resurrection of these insects is an amusing phenomenon; and to stand near a piece of moist meadow ground during their ascent, is an interesting spectacle. Over all the surface the first buzz of trying their wings is heard, and next the heavy drone of their flight upwards in the air. Their rising is almost simultaneous; at least, of all those that have resolved to come forth on that particular evening: others of the congregation remain till the next or some following evening before they quit their nurseries in the earth. This resurrection of the Maybug (*Melolontha vulgaris*) usually takes place in May; and soon as they take flight, they congregate round the tops of the nearest trees, and there amuse the midnight wanderer with their nuptial hum and frequent dropping of the pairs upon the ground around. At daylight the assembly breaks up, and they severally betake themselves to rest; some to hide in the turf below, but many remain clinging to the leaves and twigs of the trees round which they had been hovering. If in these situations they are spied by the birds, a general attack upon them is commenced, and thousands of them are devoured. Even the domestic poultry partake of such a feast with high glee.

The females repair to meadows, where the soil is soft and puffy, or to heaps of any kind of loose earth, and deposit their eggs in holes made by their forefeet, and which is the last act of their life.

All beetles, indeed we may add all insects which have corslets and wing-cases, breed and live for a longer or shorter time in the earth. Without such defences their wings would be destroyed while excavating, or in traversing their subterranean tunnels. Some of them exhibit no kind of parental feeling; but others do, not only by choosing or forming a safe and commodious cradle for their young, but actually storing it with proper aliment for them. This is a wonderful instance of instinctive foresight, for progeny they can never see. These dig a round hole in the ground, lay a few eggs in the bottom, and cover them with a substance which the young can live on, until they can shift for themselves.

Others there are which, when they find a piece of carrion on the ground too large to be taken down to their intended nursery, bury it with much labor, by excavating the earth from underneath it, till it is sunk to the proper depth. On this eggs are laid, and then the whole is covered with earth. Dead mice, rats, and moles are often interred in this way by the large black beetle.

All this is the work of instinct, not only for the support of the helpless young, but also for their preservation while in the maggot state; for assuredly, if exposed on the surface, they would be quickly discovered and devoured by the small insect-eating birds.

The numerous family of moths are all preyed on by different birds; but, guided by instinct, they only fly by

night; and when they alight, it is either on the under side of a leaf, or on the bark of trees colored like themselves.

Young earwigs are a favorite food of swallows and similar birds; and when these insects arrive at their perfect form and power of flight, they assemble in troops high in the air after sunset; but not one is seen to stir until the swallows have retired to their nests. It may be affirmed, that all insects which fly by night are those which would be in jeopardy from enemies did they fly by day.

Many insects, especially those belonging to the beetle family, counterfeit death on being disturbed, and will suffer themselves to be handled in any way; nor will they move a limb till they feel the danger is past.

Some of the wild bees are remarkable for their instinctive providence in the care of their young. The parents do not live in societies, being mostly what are called solitary bees. Some of them make holes in mud walls, in which they lay their eggs, carefully wrapped up in certain kinds of leaves, together with a little bit of wax for the sustenance of the young when they come to life and require food. When the mother has done this much, she never visits them more. Others make their holes in sandy ground, and there perform the same feat as the preceding.

Another species love the rotten wood of a tree, in which they make a round hole, about one quarter of an inch in diameter. The further end of this they line neatly with round pieces of the leaves of the gooseberry or of the rose. One egg is laid at the further end, and the space containing it is then enclosed by a partition, also

formed of leaves. Outside of this partition, another egg is laid, and also partitioned off. In this way the hole is filled with eggs and partitions alternately. The address with which this species of bee cuts and carries the pieces of leaves which she uses in furnishing her nest is amusing: Having fixed on the leaf suitable for her purpose, she begins clipping with her jaws a round piece, about the size of a silver sixpence, out of the thin web of the leaf; and, when separated, she places herself upon it, and, seizing the edges with all her feet, flies home with it to her nest. Some of these insects are so fond of elegance in forming these ovariums, that they line the inside with the petals of the gayest-colored flowers. That they exercise judgment in choosing these leaves and petals is certain; but whether they are intended for the food of the young is uncertain.

The mason-bee (another of this tribe) appears to be so conscious that her larva would be found and devoured by birds, if she made her nest too mechanically conspicuous, actually studies to make it more like a patch of mortar accidentally stuck upon the face of the wall, than a regular fabric containing several neatly-formed cells, each containing a young nymph which mines its way out in due season. This insect, moreover, appears to be aware of the properties of clay; working it only when moist to form her building, and leaving it to harden in the sun to give greater security; the nests being usually formed on a south aspect upon walls or houses.

Even the poor worm which we tread upon — an animal which has neither head, eyes, ears, nor limbs — shows a degree of instinct which is astonishing. They

can have no experience that the mole is their natural enemy ; but no sooner do they feel a concussion of the earth by the mining operations of the mole, than they escape out upon the surface to avoid them.

MARGARET LYON, OR A WORK FOR ALL.

(Concluded from page 35.)

"AUNT Nancy," said Margaret, as she came into the sitting-room where her aunt was busily sewing, "I have been wondering what Mrs. Dyer's work is. You said every one had a work in this world, and I cannot imagine what hers can be. She cannot help herself, or those poor little children."

"First tell me how she is to-day, and then we will talk a little more about it."

"She slept but very little last night, and is no better to-day ; but, aunty, if you will talk with me about her, I will run first and get Ann's dress. I like to sew when you are talking." Margaret took her work, and seated herself comfortably near the open window. "Another thing that I wish to know, Aunt Nancy, is what Mrs. Dyer meant by the *promises*. When she told me that she had not slept all night, I told her she must feel very ill to-day ; for that when I was sick and could not sleep at night, I was always worse the next day. She said, Oh ! no, she did not feel wretched, for there were the promises."

Miss Moore listened attentively to what Margaret said ; and, when she had finished, she replied, "Mrs.

Dyer does a glorious work, Margaret. We love and venerate those who found noble charities to benefit the race, or those missionaries who leave home and country to preach the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen ; and her work is as great as theirs. It is to show patience in suffering, faith in trial ; and nobly does she perform it. She lies on her bed, undergoing the sharpest pain from an incurable disease, yet she never complains. A sleepless night does not make her impatient and fretful. She is always calm, patient, grateful. Think what a lesson this is to you and me."

Aunt Nancy paused a moment to bring something from an adjoining room. A shade had passed over Margaret's face while her aunt had spoken. She remembered how often, when she was sick, she had been cross, irritable, unreasonable ; refusing the kindest attentions, annoyed at the merest trifles. The tears started to her eyes. "Oh, how ill I behaved !" she thought. "If I am ever sick again I will try to do better."

"I don't think, Margaret," pursued Aunt Nancy, when she returned, "that Mrs. Dyer is an example to us in sickness only, but in health. How often we fancy some little trial is very hard, some little inconvenience unbearable ; but she, knowing that a few weeks will terminate her life, lies almost without the necessities of life, ready to go at any time, and to leave her children to the care of God. Truly, when we think of a faith like this, how very, very sinful seem our repinings and murmurings at the smallest vexations in our happy lot !"

Aunt Nancy was silent, thinking of the faith and peace of this dying Christian. A light broke upon Mar-

garet's soul, a clear, keen, searching ray, — that of an awakened conscience. She saw how the last few years of her life had been wasted in idle day-dreams, in wicked repinings at even the blessings of her life. She saw how many, how great, those blessings were. The many hours she had wasted, the opportunities she had neglected, the affections she had suffered to die or wither, — all rose before her, and overwhelmed her. Her sewing fell from her hands; she buried her face in them, and wept tears of true repentance.

Miss Moore raised her eyes to go on with her conversation; but when she saw Margaret's attitude, and the tears that fell from between her fingers, her mental eye discerned the work that was going on in Margaret's breast. She knew the chord had been touched, that, if rightly tuned, would make music in her soul for ever. She knew those tears, falling on the barren, stony heart, would "break up the fallow ground." Though she was sixty years old, and people imagined she had forgotten her childhood and youth, her sympathies were still quick and warm. She knew it would pain Margaret to feel that her tears were seen; so she went on very intently with her work, lifting up a silent prayer to God, that he would send down his Holy Spirit to direct the heart, which had seen the wickedness of its ways, and longed to turn to him.

Margaret resumed her work; but she did not speak for nearly an hour, and then she said, "You were going to tell me what Mrs. Dyer meant by the promises."

"She meant the assurances of God's love and care, which he gives us in the Bible: 'He that cometh to me

I will in no wise cast out ;' ' My peace I leave with you ;' ' As thy day, so shall thy strength be ;' ' Leave thy fatherless children to me ;' ' When father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord shall take thee up.' These are only a few of the promises which she has repeatedly assured me give her the greatest peace and joy in believing. Without these, Margaret, she could not look on her children with perfect faith ; she could not bear her own pain in holy calm. Her Saviour is very precious to her, is very near. In the long and wakeful night-watches, he seems by her side, strengthening her for all she must endure ; and, when the last hour comes, she will see him with the eye of faith, and hear him say, ' To him that overcometh will I give a crown of life.' "

Another long silence. Margaret reflected what a sealed book the Bible had been to her. She had read it, to be sure ; but the words, that just now from Aunt Nancy's lips had such power and meaning, had been read by her without thought of their solemn significance. When her work was finished, she went and sat down on the cricket at Aunt Nancy's feet. At length she said very softly, and with a quivering voice, " I'm *very* glad I came here to stay with you, dear aunty."

The old lady turned her eyes full upon Margaret. She saw the earnestness in every feature of the young face that looked up to hers ; and she answered, " I am glad too, Margaret. I am glad that you take an interest in serious things ; for the Bible says, ' I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.' "

That day was to Margaret unlike all days she had ever known. The sky seemed clearer, the green earth brighter. She saw the Father's hand in every thing ;

for the repentance of the young is a repentance of hope and lively faith, and brightens the present and the future. She read the Bible that night as she had never read it before; and the prayer she offered came from a sincere heart.

"I want to keep you all summer, Margaret," said Miss Moore one day. "I do not think your father and mother will object, and I do not believe you will."

"Oh no, aunty: I should like very much to stay, if they are willing; and then I am so much interested in Mrs. Dyer, and all the other poor people."

"I shall write a postscript to your next letter, and say that I cannot spare you until fall; and I already look upon it as a settled thing."

That evening, however, altered all their plans. With the mail came a letter to Miss Moore, from Mr. Lyon, with sudden and unpleasant intelligence: this was the loss of almost his entire property, through the faithlessness of those he had trusted. "The homestead," he wrote, "is, I am thankful to say, still mine; but my dear wife agrees with me, that we cannot afford to live in it now. I am offered a partnership in a firm in the city, and I shall accept the offer, let our country house, and we must content ourselves a while in the city. I am very anxious on Margaret's account. I dread to think how she will bear this change. She has been accustomed to every indulgence, and scarcely deemed even that sufficient. But she must learn to bear it. Perhaps you will keep her through the summer, especially if her health is not confirmed; and the change will not be so great if she comes to town in the fall. I must give you the charge of breaking it to her,

as I am too much involved in business to spend more than the few moments I am now giving to you."

Miss Moore gave the letter directly to Margaret to read. "Oh! how wicked I have been!" she cried; "and now, in the midst of all their trouble, father and mother are most anxious about me." After a moment's pause, she added, "I think it will be right for me to go home, Aunt Nancy. I am quite strong now, and you know mother will not be able to keep so many servants, and I can assist her in a great many ways."

"I think it will be right too, my dear, dear child. Much as I want to keep you, I think your first duty is at home; and I am rejoiced that no selfish consideration of your own comfort urges you to remain here. Mr. Carter is going within ten miles of your father's house on Friday, and he shall escort you."

Margaret's eyes swam in tears on Friday morning as she sat at the breakfast table, for the last time, with her aunt.

"Oh! you have been so kind to me, and talked so much with me about being good," she said, "I am afraid I shall go all back again when I get home."

"Then you will prove that you are not truly sorry for all that you have ever done wrong. If you truly repent, you will be true to yourself everywhere. Margaret, I am old, and you may never see me again; but remember, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' and to God's service."

Margaret could not reply. Mr. Carter's chaise came to the door; and, with a long kiss on her aunt's withered cheek, she stepped into the chaise, and was rolled away from the Cliffs.

Great was the surprise of all at home to see her, and great the joy to find her looking so well.

"Margaret," said Mr. Lyon, "have you made up your mind to leave this dear old place?"

She looked up with a smile, and answered, "Yes, father; it will be home wherever we are all together."

A great load was taken from his heart. "But," thought he, "she does not know yet the trials she will meet with. I dread them for her."

An extract from another letter to Miss Moore, written after they had been in town three weeks, will show how his fears were dispelled: "Margaret is a blessing. My dear aunt, the Cliffs not only invigorated her body, but her spirit. She is as cheerful as the sunshine; as busy, active, and industrious as a bee. I have never heard her regret once our altered fortunes. Her only desire seems to be to do her duty, and to spare her mother all the toil and trouble possible. Her old, dreamy fits have entirely left her. She says she has no time for them. She speaks of you constantly, and bids me tell you she shall write as soon as we are fairly settled; for, though we have been so long in town, there are yet many things to do, and Margaret feels that she must take part in them all. Thank you, under God, dear aunt, for this blessed change in her. She is now all we could wish, and all that a daughter should be."

Margaret Lyon had found her work. All our readers have a work too. Let them find it, and pursue it diligently; and perhaps, at some future time, we may tell them more of Margaret's thoughts and deeds.

ED.

THE FLOWER'S LESSON.

THERE grew a fragrant rose-tree where the brook flows,
 With two little tender buds, and one full rose.
 When the sun went down to his bed in the west,
 The little buds leaned on the rose-mother's breast;
 While the bright-eyed stars their long watch kept,
 The flowers around in their green cradles slept.
 Then silently in odors they communed with each other,
 The two little buds on the breast of their mother:
 "O sister!" cried the smaller, as she gazed at the sky,
 "I wish that the dew-elves, as they wander lightly by,
 Would bring me here a star; for they never grow dim,
 And the Father needs them not to burn round him.
 The shining drops of dew which the elves bring each day,
 And place within my bosom, so soon pass away;
 But a star would shine brightly through the summer
 hours,

And I should be lovelier than all my sister-flowers.
 Ah! that were better far than the dew-drops that fall
 On the high and the low, and come alike to all.
 I would be fair and stately, with a bright star to shine,
 And give a queenly air to this crimson robe of mine."
 And haughtily she cried, "These fireflies shall be
 My jewels, since the stars can never come to me."
 Just then a tiny dew-drop, that hung o'er the dell,
 On the bosom of the bud, like a shining star, fell;
 But impatiently she flung it off from her leaf,
 And it fell on her mother, like a tear of grief;
 While she folded to her breast, with vanity and pride,
 A glittering firefly that floated by her side.
 "Heed," said the mother-rose, "daughter mine;
 Why should'st thou seek for beauty not thine?"

The Father hath made thee what thou now art,
And what he most loves is a sweet, pure heart.
Then take not with such bitter discontent
The fit and loving gift that he hath sent.
The fresh, cooling dew will render thee far
More lovely and sweet than the brightest star.
They are for the skies, and can never come to shine
Like the fly thou hast in that heedless breast of thine.
O my little blossom ! listen to thy mother :
Care but for true beauty, and seek for no other.
There will be trouble in that wilful little heart ;
Unfold thy leaves, my child, and let the fly depart.”
But the little bud would have her own will,
And folded the firefly closer still,
Until the struggling insect tore the vest
Of purple and green, that covered her breast.
When the sun came again, she saw with grief,
The blooming of her sister, leaf by leaf,
As the soft dew sank to her gentle heart,
And grew of her life and beauty a part ;
While she, once as bright and fair as the rest,
Hung her weary head on her wounded breast.
Bright grew the sunshine, — the soft morning air
Was filled with music of flowers singing there ;
But faint grew the bud with thirst and with pain,
And longed for the dew, but now 'twas in vain.
Then bitterly she wept for her folly and pride,
As droopingly she stood by her fair sister's side.
Then the rose-mother laid the weary little head
On her bosom to rest, and tenderly she said :
“ Thou hast learned, little bud, that whate'er may betide,
Thou canst win thyself no joy by passion or pride.
Our loving Father sends the sunshine and the shower,
That thou may'st then become a perfect little flower.

The sweet dew is to feed thee, the sunlight to cheer,
 And earth as a sweet home, while thou art dwelling here.
 Then shouldst thou not be grateful for all this kind care,
 And strive to keep thy bosom innocent and fair ?
 Oh seek, my little one, to win humility.
 Be gentle and tender, and thou wilt happy be.
 So when the autumn of thy fragrant life shall come,
 Thou mayst pass hence to bloom in the flower spirit-
 home."

Then from the mother's breast, where it lay hid,
 Into the fading bud the dew-drop slid.
 Stronger grew the little form, and happy tears fell,
 As the dew did its work, and the bud grew well.
 And the fair rose leaned, with mother's silent pride,
 O'er the beautiful blossoms that bloomed by her side.
 Night came on again, and again the fireflies flew ;
 But the bud did not heed them, and drank of the dew.
 While the soft stars looked from the still summer heaven,
 On the happy bud that had learned the lesson given.

L. M. A.

W O R S H I P.

THE earth is one great temple, made
 For worship everywhere ;
 And its flowers are the bells, in glen and glade,
 That ring the heart to prayer.
 A solemn preacher is the breeze,
 At noon or twilight dim ;
 The ancient trees give homilies ;
 The river hath a hymn.

Selected.

A CITY BUILT IN THE SEA.

A MOST wonderful city is Venice. I am half afraid I cannot give you a clear idea of it; and yet I will try to do so, for I am quite desirous that you should use my eyes as much as possible in seeing the sights I saw in Europe. It was a beautiful morning in the latter part of the month of May, when, in company with a French gentleman and an English lady, with whom I had been travelling for some days, I was set down in this singular city. I had reached it by diligence from Florence, through Bologna, Ferrara, and Rovigo, to Padua; and thence by railway. It seemed a little odd, and almost unclassical, as the Adriatic came in sight, to be approaching the "city of the sea" by railway. These hissing and wheezing locomotives make sad havoc with poetic sentiments, and old and reverent historical associations. I remember I was half vexed, when the guide told me at Naples, that the usual way of visiting Herculaneum and Pompeii was by railway.

The first thing we did on reaching Venice — the first thing, in fact, we did when we entered any Italian city — was to surrender our passports to the police. The Austrians govern this part of Italy now, and they are pretty strict in their police-regulations. They asked me a good many questions, some of which, to us who are brought up under a mild republican government, sound rather queer and almost impertinent at first. But American travellers, if they are going to spend much time on the

continent, must learn to get used to such questions, and not to be annoyed by them. I tried to do so, and I think I succeeded pretty well.

The Austrians, as you know, do not love to have people of other nations take the part of the Hungarians. They hate Kossuth; and to speak in his praise, anywhere in the Austrian dominions, is to render one's self suspected and watched by the police. There is a kind of hat, I suppose you are aware, sometimes worn in this country, called the "Kossuth hat," because it resembles the hat worn by the Hungarians. I wore one of these hats all over Europe, wherever I went. I wore it because it was the most comfortable and convenient travelling hat I could get. I was allowed to wear this hat in Venice. You smile, as if you did not consider such a permission on the part of the Austrian officials as a very great stretch of condescension. But I assure you, that a gentleman with whom I afterwards travelled, and who wore a hat of this description, was told by one of the police, when he entered Venice, that it would be unsafe for him to wear the hat; and he accordingly felt obliged to exchange it for another.

Usually, of course, one of the first things to be attended to, after the matter of the passport, on entering a city by any public conveyance, is to get a carriage, and so drive to a hotel. But that is not the way they do things in Venice. There is not a carriage on wheels, there is not a horse, or mule, or donkey, I presume, in the whole city. The people would not know what to do with horses and carriages, if they had them. There are no streets, such as are found in other cities. I have been told — I have no doubt correctly — that many of

the Venetians live a whole lifetime without ever seeing such an animal as a horse.

Instead of encountering coachmen, when we were ready to leave the railway station for a hotel, we were beset by half a score of gondoliers, each of whom wished us to make choice of his particular gondola. They were very noisy in their recommendations; all talked at once; each man's boat, if we were to credit his solemn assurances, was better than all the rest. I beckoned to the gondolier who seemed the most modest, — do not for a moment suppose that *his* modesty was of a very exquisite type, — and we entered his gondola; the baggage having been placed on board a boat used exclusively for the purpose.

The gondola is a boat built very long and narrow, with both ends lying out of the water, and turned up something like an Indian's snow-shoe. The bow is not very different from the stern, though it is elevated a little higher, and has upon it — which the other end has not — a long thin metal plate, placed perpendicularly, always kept bright, and serrated or notched on the foremost edge. This plate is designed as a guide to the gondolier in steering his boat. There is always an awning spread over a portion of the gondola, for the convenience of the passengers, when the weather is warm and the sun shines. Sometimes a little cabin, large enough to hold about four persons, is formed by a covering of woollen cloth over a frame. This cabin, or whatever you please to call it, is provided with windows and a door. The seats in most of the gondolas are well cushioned, and sometimes, though not generally, have backs. All the gondolas in Venice are painted

black. Why this color is selected invariably, I do not certainly know. I heard a reason given; but it was one which reflected so severely upon the morality of the Venetians, that I could scarcely believe it. Whatever the reason may be though, the gondolas, until one gets accustomed to this dark color, have a kind of funeral air about them, when, it seems to me, there is not the slightest necessity for such a thing. The gondoliers all row by the hour. If we have one rower, we pay about fifteen cents; if we take two, the price is double.

The gondoliers all row standing with their face to the bow. They make very little noise in rowing, and their boats are so light that it requires but very little strength to propel them. When two gondoliers are rowing, it is often astonishing how rapidly the boat skims over the water. When there is only one gondolier, we have to content ourselves, of course, with proceeding more slowly. You who understand something about rowing will wonder how these Venetian boatmen manage the boats with one oar. You know very well, that when you use one oar, unless you scull, after the fashion that a fish moves himself, with the oar in the stern of the boat, you will soon find yourself going forward in a curve, instead of a straight line; the bow of the boat moving in an opposite direction from the side on which you are rowing. The gondoliers seem to know nothing about sculling, and yet they row as straight and as skilfully with one oar as they do with two. It was a mystery to me, at first, how they accomplished this feat. I watched the graceful motions of their oars for a long time, without getting hold of the secret. At last, however, I saw that, instead of drawing the oar out of the water at the con-

clusion of the stroke, the gondolier left it below the surface, and, while it remained below, brought it dexterously back to the place where he was to begin another stroke, so that the two motions balanced each other, and a uniform forward motion was the result.

It seemed odd enough to be gliding along through the *streets* of a large city, on my way to a hotel, in a boat. How well the poet Rogers has characterized this singular place, in his beautiful verse! I could not help thinking of his description, while I listened, for the first time, as we passed along, to the plashing of the gondoliers' oars, and gazed upon pompous palaces, and mosque-like churches, rising out of the water, like things of enchantment. You have, no doubt, seen pictures of different buildings and groups of buildings in Venice. An artist, by the name of Canaletti, took a great many Venetian views in his day. His pictures are admirably painted and wonderfully accurate. A great many engravings have been made from the originals, and so widely scattered, that almost every one is quite familiar with the appearance of this city, before he visits it. For myself, it seemed to me as if I had actually gazed upon these scenes before, at some time or other. The old palace of the Doge, the cathedral of St. Mark, the campanile near the cathedral, the "Bridge of Sighs," the grand canal, and the edifices on either side of it, the Rialto, and the busy mart near it which figures so largely in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," were all familiar to me. So were the beautiful islands, which, like so many gems, adorn the bosom of the Adriatic.

Venice, as you perhaps know, is built partly on clusters of small islands, and partly on piles driven into the

earth, at the bottom of the water. The whole city is literally built in the water. If you wish to go anywhere, no matter in what direction, unless you wish to take a long walk, and cross ever so many bridges, and turn ever so many times, until your patience is nearly all exhausted, you take a gondola. In any of the principal cities in this country, and in most of those in Europe, there are always coaches standing near the first-class hotels, ready to convey the traveller where he pleases to go. In Venice, instead of these coaches, you will see a score or more of gondolas, lying in front of each of the hotels; and, when you step out of the door, you are almost invariably saluted with the question, "Gondola, signore?" — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE GOOD OLD GRANDFATHER.

SOMETIMES Willie's mother would amuse the boys as they drew round the fire at night, before tea and the lights were brought in, by singing to them, and telling them stories, and what she did when she was a little girl. She told them often about a dear old grandfather she once had, who lived to be very old, almost an hundred years; and who was in the Revolutionary War. She told them how he loved to talk to little children, and how all the boys and girls used to love him, and hear his stories about the war under Washington and Lafayette, whom he used to know. The place on which her grandfather

lived was called La Grange, after the place that Lafayette lived on in France. He was very deaf indeed; but he enjoyed reading, writing, and talking.

On his birth-day he would generally assemble a little party of his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; and often other friends would look in, and wish him many returns of the day.

He would sit in his chair with a very smiling face, watching the children who played about him, and enjoyed seeing their games and frolics; and he was always ready with a story for them when they wanted one. Every body in town loved and respected the dear old grandfather; he was bent with age, his hair was silver grey, and he would lean on his cane as he walked about; but his heart was always fresh and green, and his "conscience void of offence towards God and man," which kept him always cheerful and bright.

On May-day it was the custom for the children of the town where he lived to assemble at a large public building; and, after decorating the hall with flowers and evergreens, they walked in procession to the house of the good old grandfather, and escorted him to the building, while the ladies arranged the collation of cake and refreshments. On arriving, the old gentleman would walk in and take his stand in the centre of the room, followed by all the children, where one of them would crown him with a wreath of flowers; and he would then address them, while all stood around to listen. Sometimes he would be so much affected that the tears would roll down his cheeks; and he would tell them, perhaps this would be the last May-day he should ever meet them on earth. After he had talked with them a little while, he would

sit down in a large chair; and when they had taken some refreshments, the boys and girls would frolic, dance, and chase each other around the large hall, while the older people talked and walked about. Their mother loved to tell the boys about this dear old man, who has now passed from earth to live with God and the Saviour, whom he loved to serve while here.

She hopes *her* boys, and all who wish to be loved and respected when they are old, will begin now to cultivate their kind feelings towards every one; to be industrious, and lay up a good store of knowledge; to speak the truth and form good habits: then they will not only make the hearts of their parents glad, but they will please God, who will send them sweet peace and happiness, and a bright crown of glory in the world to come.

S. S.

EDITORIAL.

THE "Schoolfellow" desires us to give it a word in our columns. This we gladly do, though it is against our practice. The name of "Cousin Alice" alone, without any of its other able contributors, would be sufficient to recommend it. We must, however, inform our cotemporary that the connection of Mrs. Follen with the work ceased two years and a half ago. We are indebted to the "Schoolfellow," "Youth's Cabinet," and "New Church Magazine," for many interesting articles; and we have lately received with much pleasure "Forester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine." Truly with such a collection of juvenile periodicals the young readers of our land need not want for instruction or amusement.

ERRATA.—P. 31, line 3, for *slow* read *slowly*. P. 33, line 19, for *them* read *it*.

PUZZLES.

"Titania, Queen of the Fairies," sends us answers to the puzzles in the June number: — "Verbena" and "Mimosa." She also sends us a Puzzle, a Charade, and Conundrum. We heartily thank her for them, and hope she will *try again*. We reserve her puzzle for the next number, as we have another very good one from a little friend.

CHARADE.

WHEN James to see Miss Charlotte went,
My *first* he heard her doing;
And, as he passed the kitchen door,
My *second* she was stewing.
My *whole*, in a gilt cage so gay,
He gave her on her wedding-day.

TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

CONUNDRUM.

WHY is starch like a beating?

TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

AN ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fourteen letters.

My 6, 3, 5, is an insect.

My 1, 6, 3, 11, 14, is a kind of boat.

My 5, 9, 7, is a metal.

My 8, 14, 3, is a number.

My 12, 9, 10, is used as a fastening.

My 4, 6, 9, 13, belongs to a ship.

My 12, 11, 13, 14, is a part of the earth.

My 6, 12, 14, is an animal.

My whole is a large city in the East.

T. M. L.



VIEW ON THE GANGES.

pp. 73 and all ⁷³that follow belong
to Vol. ~~XXI~~.

THE RIVER GANGES.

THE Ganges, the largest river of Hindostan, was considered, in the old Pagan religion, a sacred river. It was supposed to have its source in the Hindoo paradise, and to flow from thence to the earth. A beautiful description of its fabled source may be found in Southey's exquisite poem, "The Curse of Kehama," which many of our readers are old enough to enjoy. Offerings were often thrown into the river to appease the anger of the gods, and not unfrequently little children were these offerings. The banks of the Ganges were chosen by the Brahmins, or priests, for the scenes of their sacrifices; and the pilgrims threw themselves into its waters in their frantic zeal.

The English have now forbidden many of the horrible rites of the old worship, and the Christian religion is taught by many missionaries. Besides these, there are great numbers of Mahometans, so that the river Ganges is fast losing its sacred character.

It has been described to us as a beautiful stream, very wide, and near its mouth constantly covered with little boats filled with natives, and with beautiful pleasure-boats. Its banks abound in magnificent trees, which grow to an enormous height. Among these are the cocoa-nut and palm. Near Calcutta, its banks are studded with fine houses, whose gardens extend to the water, and are filled with all kinds of delicious tropical fruits, such as tamarinds, pomegranates, limes, bananas, sugar-canes, and rice, which grows plentifully, and forms the

principal food of the natives. But, fair as the river is, we should think the recollections of the many horrors once practised there, would crowd upon the mind in the midst of its luxuriant scenery. ED.

A NOBLE BOY.

AN incident occurred during the past year, worthy of note, and showing the truly noble conduct of a young Swedish sailor-boy, at about twelve years of age. The ship "Columbus," on her passage from Boston to Calcutta, fell in with a Swedish bark, which had been dismasted during a heavy gale. When first discovered, it was thought there was no one on board. But soon persons were seen moving about the decks. After the storm abated, the "Columbus" approached the bark, and found her in a most wretched condition, without a spar standing or a boat left; and in this dangerous situation she had been for two days and two nights. There were on board of this bark the captain, two mates, twelve men, and the boy already mentioned, as the crew; and a lady with a young infant and a child about five years of age as passengers. As soon as the storm allowed, the captain of the "Columbus" sent a number of his men to the wreck, from which they brought some of the crew, and then returned for the rest, till, some by lowering themselves with ropes, and others by jumping into the sea and being picked up and carried to the ship, all were placed safely on board, except the lady

and her children, and the young sailor, who was determined to stand by them to the last, and not leave them to perish alone.

It was considered very perilous to attempt again to reach the bark. But could a mother and her children be left in such a situation? The second mate, a truly noble-hearted man, who has for many years been a boarder at the Mariner's House, induced some of the men to start once more with himself to save the remaining souls. The young sailor, as soon as he discovered the boat again returning, endeavored to devise some means by which the mother and her children should be safely placed in it. Many plans were thought of; but all were attended with danger, as the bark was rolling heavily. At last, he thought of the following expedient as the wisest and safest: He took a basket, and attaching it by means of a rope to a block which he fastened to a spar, extending some ten feet from the stern of the vessel, he placed the child in the basket, and lowered it into the boat, which by this time had reached the stern of the ship. The infant was then lowered; and at last, with some difficulty, he succeeded in getting the lady to place herself in the basket; and, holding on to a rope, she also was safely lowered. He then let himself down; and thus, by his noble and praiseworthy exertions, they were all saved from a watery grave.

This noble-hearted boy so won the affections of the captain of the "Columbus," that he remained on board, and sailed with him on his return-passage for this port; but when nearly home, in the Vineyard Sound, the ship was unfortunately wrecked. Her crew were picked up by a schooner, and landed at Holmes's Hole, in a

wretched and suffering condition. They soon came to our House, where they were kindly cared for, and provided with necessary clothing.

This most touching story cannot fail to speak for itself, and affect us most sensibly, when we pause for an instant, and think of the unselfish and noble spirit manifested by a boy of only twelve years of age. The captain was very desirous that he should remain with him; but the little Swede replied that he must return to his own country, and enlist for the army, or his father would be obliged to pay a heavy fine, — still carrying out the same noble spirit he at first manifested. — *Report of the Seaman's Aid Society.*

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

(Concluded from page 41.)

"MISS MAY'S bonnet, ma'am," she said, holding it out to Mrs. Winslow. "The little boy forgot it, and the teacher said I might take it, as I came right by."

Mrs. Winslow thanked her. "May will be much obliged to you, Nancy," she said. "It was very kind of you to bring it to her." Nancy dropped a courtesy, and hastened on.

May had heard the short conversation; and when her mother returned, and gave her the bonnet, she sat holding it, and looking on the floor.

"What are you thinking about, May?"

"I — if I go to school this afternoon, Miss Archer

will punish me for running away this morning. But I was so vexed and angry, I could not help it. Must I go?"

"Perhaps Miss Archer will not punish you, if you are sorry, and tell her so. Or I will write a note, and tell her; but, if she does not excuse you, you must bear your punishment as well as you can. I shall be very sorry for you, darling; but we all have to bear the punishment of our follies sometimes."

May sighed, and hung up her bonnet. Mrs. Winslow wrote the note, and Miss Archer only punished the little girl by depriving her of the recess that afternoon. But though May did not ask again to leave school, and though she did not refuse to sit by Nancy, she still avoided her as much as possible, and turned away from the advances she was disposed to make. Nancy, who was some years older than May, had been charmed with the first glance at her pretty little neighbor; and she never thought of resenting May's conduct. But she tried to win her favor by bringing her flowers and berries, by waiting upon and assisting her whenever May would permit, which was not often; for her usual answer to all such overtures, was, "I thank you, but I'd rather not." Fred was by no means so scrupulous, and often availed himself of Nancy's readiness to oblige, and showed no reluctance to speak to her.

One afternoon a large party of boys and girls were going after berries; and, at Fred Winslow's suggestion, Nancy was asked to accompany them. May looked a little indignant at her brother's proposal, but said nothing against it; and they set off early, intending to have a nice time. They were going to a place at some dis-

tance, where May had never been, and the way led through a pleasant wood. In vain Nancy offered to carry May's basket, to help her across the brook, &c.; May only said, "No, I thank you," and kept tight hold of Lucy Grey's hand. Fine picking they had, for the berries were plentiful; and when they had filled their baskets and pails, they returned to the wood, where they began to gather flowers. Some had brought luncheon, which they merrily shared with the others; and, after a nice frolic, they were beginning to think of going home, when a noise in the bushes startled them, and a large dog, which no one knew, sprang out, barking furiously. The children were frightened, and ran, some one way, some another; most of the boys, I am sorry to say, only seeking safety for themselves, entirely forgetting their companions. Frederic Winslow more gallantly kept his place, and, with the assistance of one or two more, tried to drive the dog off; but he was an ill-tempered animal, and snarled and bit so fiercely at the sticks they threw at him, that they, too, gave up and followed their companions. When the dog had fairly gone, those who had left their baskets returned for them; and, after a time, the little company were again collected, and on their way.

"But where is May Winslow?" asked Lucy Grey, suddenly, "and Carry Spencer and Willy?"

"Carry Spencer and Willy have gone on; I see them just at the bars," answered one of the girls. "And I guess May is with them. Car — ry! Car — ry!"

Caroline heard and turned. "Is May Winslow with you?" shouted Fred.

"No," was the answer; and Fred turned back to

look, accompanied by Lucy Grey and Nancy. They went back to the place where they had been startled: they looked, and called her name, but in vain; no May answered.

"Oh, she has run home," said Fred, at length. "I know she said she would be home first. Come, Lucy, don't let us wait any longer." And they ran after their companions.

Nancy lingered: she was sure May had *not* run home; for she remembered having seen her run in a different direction, when the dog sprung in among them, and she had not returned. So she took the path that she thought May had taken, and followed it, calling "May! little May!"

She searched in vain a long time, and began to think she must give up, when she spied something among the trees a little in advance, and hurried on. Sure enough, there was May lying on the ground: asleep? So Nancy thought, till she lifted her up, and saw her forehead bleeding. May had run in terror from the dog, and then tried in vain to find her way back; and, running on in hopes to overtake her companions, had fallen over the root of a tree, and cut her forehead against a stone. It was only a slight hurt, but the violence of the fall had stunned her for a little while. Nancy stopped to think; she heard the sound of water, and, following the noise, came to a little brook. Then she poured out her berries, filled the pail with water, and hurried back; washed off the blood, and threw water in the child's face.

May opened her eyes. "Why — where are the children?" she said.

"Gone home; are you much hurt?"

"I don't know. Gone home? Why did they not wait for me?"

"They looked for you, and couldn't find you; so they thought you'd gone first. Your brother looked ever so long."

"Well, why didn't you go too?" asked May, putting her hand to her forehead.

"I thought may be you'd got lost, and I'd look a little longer," answered Nancy, simply. "I know the way back: won't you let me show you?" she added, more timidly; for she fancied the proud little beauty still felt unwilling to be her companion.

May sat quietly on the ground; she looked at Nancy, at the pail of water, at the handkerchief stained with blood, at her own basket of berries, which, being tightly closed, had been unhurt by the fall. "Where are your berries, Nancy?"

"I turned them out, to bring some water. I was afraid you was dead."

May's fingers twisted her bonnet-strings impatiently. "You came to look for me? and you got the water? and you threw away your own berries? and you stayed with me when the others were gone? *You*, Nancy?" The bright eyes filled with tears, and the rosy lips trembled as she spoke.

"I didn't mean to trouble you, Miss May," said Nancy, sadly; "but I'll go away, if you want me to."

The soft white arms were flung around Nancy's neck, and the fair cheek of little May was pressed against the dark face of her companion. Oh no, no, Nancy! I was only thinking how naughty I had been, and how good

you are. I'll never be so bad to you any more, never! And will you forgive me, and love me, Nancy?"

Nancy's heart was full; she, the poor, despised black girl, to be caressed so by the pet of the whole school, the daughter of the richest man in the town! "I couldn't help loving you Miss May," she said; "but there aint any thing to forgive. I never thought you could like me. But hadn't we better go home? It is getting late?"

"Yes, we'll go. Will you do just as I want you to, by and by, Nancy?"

Nancy promised, and the two children set off home, meeting at the bars, Frederic Winslow and one of the men, who had come to look for the missing child. May refused to be carried, and kept hold of Nancy's hand, much to the astonishment of Fred, who expressed his surprise by a prolonged whistle. When they reached Mr. Winslow's gate, May paused. "You said you'd do as I wanted you to, Nancy? Then you must take this basket of berries. You know you turned out yours to get me some water. Good night."

"And my dear little May has found out that a black skin may cover a kind heart, has she?" said Mrs. Winslow, when the little girl, sitting in her lap, had told her the story.

"We should never judge by appearances alone," remarked Gertrude demurely, quoting her last writing-copy. "But May always was the proudest little thing."

"May doesn't mean to be so any more, sister Gertrude," answered the little girl. "Mother says a *real* lady or gentleman is kind and polite to everybody, and I want to be a real lady."

Gertrude laughed. "Mother writes stories for books," she said. "Ask her to write this, and put it in a book; so that other little girls may learn to be kind to their playmates, and grow up into real ladies."

May did not ask; perhaps she was ashamed to have others know what a foolish prejudice she had indulged; but we *guess* she will never dislike any one again, merely because he or she has a darker skin than herself.

A. A.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land;

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

New York Independent.

VENICE AND THE VENETIANS.

ONE of the most interesting places in Venice, to every foreigner, is the palace of the Dodge, and the prison and other buildings connected with it. This palace was erected in the golden period of Venetian history. Though a portion of it dates as far back as the tenth century, the palace, as it now stands, was constructed much later, — a great portion of it during the fourteenth century. The architect who designed the edifice, according to some authorities, was convicted of a conspiracy against the government of his country, and was publicly hung upon the red pillars of the balcony, from which the doge was accustomed to view the exhibitions in the piazza of *San Marco*. The oriental style of the palace is the chief feature in it which strikes a stranger. It is entirely unlike, in the style of its architecture, every thing else which I saw in all Europe.

Entering the palace, we were conducted through a great many large and lofty galleries, now for the most part occupied with pictures representing different scenes of interest in Venetian history. Objects, however, of far greater, though more painful interest, were pointed out to me as I proceeded. The guide showed me the deep,

dark, dismal prison, in which were confined in former days the Venetian prisoners, including those wretched victims who awaited death, according to the popular history of that age, in one of its most terrible forms. An obscure and gloomy passage leads to the cells of this prison; and in spite of a tolerable share of courage, which I always *mean* to keep bottled up for extraordinary emergencies, — I must own that I have not generally at command, much of that commodity for *ordinary* use, — in spite of all this, I shuddered a little, as I threaded my way behind the guide, in the very dim light of a taper, among the cells of this memorable dungeon. The lower tier of cells, which were occupied by criminals sentenced to death, are totally dark. If I ever encountered “a darkness which can be felt,” I am sure that it was in that “lower deep.” But let us listen to the poet whose muse has done so much to portray the beauties and defects of Italy: —

“That deep descent — thou canst not yet discern
Aught as it is — leads to the dripping vaults,
Under the floods, where light and warmth were never, —
Leads to a covered bridge, the bridge of sighs,
And to that fatal closet at the foot,
Lurking for prey, which, when a victim came,
Grew less and less, contracting to a span,
An iron door, urged onward by a screw,
Forcing out life.”

The “bridge of sighs,” here spoken of, the name of which is so familiar to you, is the bridge over which the condemned passed from the palace, in a room of which his trial and conviction had taken place, to the gloomy cell, where he was confined till his execution. It was a

"bridge of sighs," because none passed over it but those who were on their way to death. I do assure you, when I had seen all these painfully interesting objects, and when I emerged from the dungeon, with my mind full of the associations which these objects had called up, sick almost with their contemplation, I was right glad to find myself in daylight again.

I wish I could describe the church of *San Marco*. But I am sure I should fail, were I to attempt such a thing, and I will not attempt it. I hope you have seen pictures of it, though. Canaletti has sketched it from several different points; and many engravings, on wood, and steel, and stone, have been taken from these originals, and published. As I entered this famous church, just after leaving the vestibule, I saw in the marble pavement a stone which interested me exceedingly. This stone marks the identical spot, where Pope Alexander III. placed his foot upon the head of the prostrate Emperor, Barbarossa (Frederick II.), repeating, as he did so, these words from the Psalms, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder." In this way a long quarrel between the Pope and the Emperor was brought to an end. We, of the nineteenth century, and especially we of the freest and happiest republic on the face of the earth, hardly know which more to detest, — the high-handed arrogance of the Pontiff, or the abject cowardice of the Emperor.

There is an odd exhibition on an old clock-tower in Venice, when the hour is struck. I saw it several times from the top of the *campanile*, near which the clock-tower stands; and it amused me not a little. The exhibition consists of the advance and subsequent retreat of

automaton figures, and the performance by these figures of the farce assigned them.

There are two groups of automatons. One group, consisting of two figures, simply strike the hour. They are very savage-looking fellows, apparently made of bronze. First, one of them strikes the hour on the bell; and then, after an interval of five minutes, the other does the same thing. There is a story of one of these bronze men having committed murder or manslaughter — whichever you please to call it — a century or more ago. A workman, according to the story, was standing within the swing of the hammer, when the time came for the automaton bell-ringer to go through his part, and the reckless monster actually knocked the poor workman off the parapet, and killed him.

The other group are below the first, and, when in motion, surround the face of the clock. A figure of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus in her arms, is seated in the foreground. After the hour is struck by the bronze men just described, a door opens of its own accord, on one side of the face of the clock; several figures intended, I suppose, to represent angels, but appearing to my vision as if they belonged to no world in particular, issue from a chamber, and walk in procession, around an arc of a circle; each one, as he arrives opposite the *Madonna*, stopping and bowing to her as gracefully as possible. I say as gracefully as possible. If the whole truth must be told, these angels are rather stiff-necked, and their motions are a little inclined to be angular. Their bows are somewhat after the fashion of those which I, in common with sundry other equally hopeful urchins, used to make when taking our first lesson in politeness,

at the old brown school-house in Willow Lane, — bows which, to say the least of them, were not strikingly graceful.

The gondoliers of Venice, in general, are a good-natured and merry set of fellows. They praise their respective gondolas, when you are selecting one, as a lover might praise his mistress. They talk eloquently, and vociferate loudly. They even make the most extravagant gestures, in setting forth the peculiar excellences of the bark to which they call your attention. When the gondolier has actually succeeded in securing you, nobody can exceed his politeness. He absolutely overwhelms you with earnest expressions of desires to please you, which fall from his lips like leaves in autumn. He takes off his cap, as he gives you his hand to help you on board. He lays his hand on his breast, and declares over and over again, that he is delighted to serve you, and that the two great wishes of his life are to learn your commands, and be able to obey them. During the time I remained in Venice, I enjoyed a great many evening strolls in the gondola. Nothing can rival the beauty of Venice by moonlight. The reflection upon the smooth surface of the water, of the gorgeous pile of buildings in the piazza of San Marco, for instance, with the lamps by which the square in front of the old palace of the doge is lighted, is eminently beautiful. Scenes such as these can only be seen under an Italian sky. They may be imagined elsewhere, but not enjoyed. — *F. C. Woodworth.*

THE PARROT'S REBUKE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

OF all known birds, the parrot can imitate the human voice with the greatest success. "It can," says Buffon, "learn to speak equally well French, German, Greek, and Latin, and to pronounce a succession of phrases of moderate length. Its delicate throat is suited to every inflection, to every accent."

Simon, a poor cobbler, whose shop was situated at the corner of one of the principal streets in Paris, trained one of these birds, who, being of a gay and talkative humor, though shut up in an old wicker cage, contributed to his master's enjoyment, and readily repeated whatever it heard spoken. "Where is Simon?" often asked a customer who did not find him in the shop.

"At the eating-house round the corner," replied the parrot.

"How much do I owe you, Father Simon?" another would ask.

"Twenty-five cents precisely," replied the bird again.

In short, the fame of the parrot became so extended, that his master saw the number of his customers increasing daily, and found in his obscure occupation comfort, and, above all, contentment.

Opposite the cobbler's shop there lived a captain of cavalry, a distinguished soldier, whose only daughter Annie, a pretty little girl of twelve, took pleasure in listening to the parrot. She often requested her father to purchase the bird which contributed so much to her gratification.

The captain, wearied by his daughter's entreaties, visited Simon one day, and asked him on what terms he would sell his parrot.

"Sell my parrot!" exclaimed the cobbler, "on no consideration. He attracts half my customers; to him I am indebted for my songs, my health, the happiness which I enjoy. All the gold you possess I would not take in exchange for my parrot."

"You hear," said the officer, turning to his daughter: "this honest man cannot part with the parrot of which he is so fond, and I cannot but approve his refusal."

Simon returned to his work more cheerful than ever, congratulating himself on having saved his favorite, who seemed at the moment to understand the attachment of his master, and repeated these words: "*Good Simon! Good master!*"

A short time afterwards, the cobbler, being informed by the captain's servant that Annie still wished for the parrot, imagined that he could cure her of her desire, by teaching the parrot some words which, from all he could learn of the young lady's character, were not undeserved.

Had she been scolding a servant, the next day on making her appearance in the balcony, she would hear the parrot repeating: "Annie is naughty! Annie is naughty!" Had she told a falsehood to her father to conceal some fault, the parrot would greet her with, "Annie has told a falsehood!" In short, whenever she did wrong, she was sure to be reminded of it by the parrot, whose rebuke wounded her self-love all the more because it was deserved.

What Simon had foreseen actually happened. Annie

now hated the parrot as much as she had once desired it. She even carried her complaints of the cobbler to her father. At the very moment she was making them, the parrot repeated several times: "Annie is naughty! Annie is naughty!"

"You hear him!" she exclaimed. "Will you permit your daughter to be so insulted? But I am not the only one this miserable bird abuses: he treats you in the same manner —."

"Annie has told a falsehood," interrupted the parrot.

This happy rejoinder, which accident prompted, only added to the young girl's anger; but it at the same time opened her father's eyes, who, repressing his surprise, considered in what manner he could best take advantage of this singular chance."

Some days after, the captain learned that during his absence Annie's nurse had called to see her, and had been received with an indifference and coolness which had hurt the feelings of the worthy woman to such a degree that she had retired in tears, resolved never again to see the ungrateful girl on whom she had for two years lavished the utmost care and tenderness.

Martha, for this was the name of the nurse, did not communicate her unkind reception to any of the servants in the house; but, on her return to Romainville where she lived, she could not help relating it to a neighbor, through whom it finally came to the ears of the captain himself. Angry at his daughter's ingratitude, he secretly concerted with Simon a plan for giving her a salutary lesson.

One day, when a large company was assembled at his house, several after dinner stepped out upon the balcony

which fronted the street, for the sake of enjoying the fresh air. The parrot, excited by the sound of laughter and conversation, began to chatter with all his might. Some one addressing a compliment to the captain's daughter, the bird repeated: "Annie is naughty! Annie is naughty!"

"What insolent person is that who thus insults you, Annie?" asked one of the company.

"That miserable parrot," said she, blushing with mortification and anger. "He does just the same every day. Fortunately people will not believe him. They know that I am worth —"

"Twenty-five cents precisely," broke in the parrot.

Annie bit her lips: her eyes sparkled with passion.

"You hear it," she said, addressing her father: "this insolent cobbler wishes to cure me of desiring to purchase his parrot, and therefore teaches him to utter a thousand falsehoods — yes, a thousand falsehoods —"

"Martha wept!" cried the parrot with his shrill voice. "Poor nurse!"

At these words Annie stopped short, grew pale, and lost countenance.

"Poor nurse!" pronounced the parrot even more distinctly. "Martha wept! Annie is naughty! Twenty-five cents precisely!"

"Do you think," said her father severely, "that the bird is repeating falsehoods now?"

"O father!" said Annie, "I see that you are designing to punish me for a fault which weighed heavily upon my heart, and which I here publicly confess. Yes, I gave my good nurse a reception unworthy of her kindness, and of all I owe her. I thought that my ingrati-

tude would never be known to you ; but I am grateful to the chance which has given me an opportunity of showing how sincere is my repentance. Forgive me, and I will at once go to Romainville, and ask pardon of my kind nurse. I feel grateful to the parrot through whom I have received so salutary a lesson."

Annie's father readily forgave her, and commended her resolution.

On her return from visiting her old nurse, she was no less gratified than surprised at hearing the parrot greet her with these words: "*Annie is charming! Annie is charming!*"

A.

THE BASTINADO IN EGYPT.

WILKINSON, in his admirable book, the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," thus describes to us the employment of the bastinado as an ancient as well as a modern Egyptian punishment; adding, by way of illustration, an amusing instance of the light in which the punishment is regarded by the Copts:—

"Some of the laws and punishments of the Egyptian army I have already noticed; and in military as well as civil cases, minor offences were generally punished with the stick; a mode of chastisement still greatly in vogue among the modern inhabitants of the Nile, and held in much esteem by them, that, convinced of (or perhaps by) its efficacy, they relate 'its descent from heaven as a blessing to mankind.'

"If an Egyptian of the present day has a govern-

ment debt or tax to pay, he stoutly persists in his inability to obtain the money, till he has withstood a certain number of blows, and considers himself compelled to produce it; and the ancient inhabitants, if not under the rule of their native princes, at least in the time of the Roman emperors, gloried equally in the obstinacy they evinced, and the difficulty the governors of the country experienced in extorting from them what they were bound to pay; whence Ammianus Marcellinus tells us, an Egyptian blushes if he cannot show numerous marks on his body that evince his endeavors to evade the duties.

“The bastinado was inflicted on both sexes, as with the Jews (Exodus xx. 1, 2). Men and boys were laid prostrate on the ground (as with the Jews), and frequently held by the hands and feet while the chastisement was administered; but women, as they sat, received the stripes on their back, which were also inflicted by the hand of a man. Nor was it unusual for the superintendents to stimulate laborers to their work by the persuasive powers of the stick, whether engaged in the field or in handicraft employments; boys were sometimes beaten without the ceremony of prostration, the hands being tied behind their back while the punishment was applied.

“It does not, however, appear to have been from any respect that this less usual method was adopted; nor is it probable that any class of the community enjoyed a peculiar privilege on these occasions, as among the modern Moslems, who, extending their respect for the Prophet to his distant descendants of the thirty-sixth and ensuing generations, scruple to administer the stick to *Shereef*, until he has been politely furnished with a mat,

on which to prostrate his guilty person. Among other amusing privileges in modern Egypt, is that conceded to the grandees, or officers of high rank. Ordinary culprits are punished by the hand of persons usually employed on such occasions; but a Bey, or the governor of a district, can only receive his chastisement from the hand of a Pasha, and the genteel *daboss* (mace) is substituted for the vulgar stick. This is no trifling privilege: it becomes fully *impressed* upon the sufferer, and renders him long after *sensible* of the peculiar honor he has enjoyed; nor can any doubt that an iron mace, in form not very unlike a chocolate mill, is an effective mode of punishing men who are proud of their rank." — *Youth's Cabinet*.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MAMMA AND WILLIE.

Willie. Mamma, I wish the good Father had not sent little Charlie here! he troubles us all so much, we cannot play or read because he pulls away our playthings and books. You never can read to us, except when he is asleep, or Bridget takes him out to walk. When papa comes in after tea, and begins to tell us a story, up marches baby Charlie, and says "up, up;" and when he is seated in papa's lap, he does not sit still a moment, but says "book, book," or "door, door," and papa cannot talk to us at all. I do wish he had not come!

Mamma. You are wrong, little boy: he hinders us all, I know, and prevents our doing many things comfortably; but you must learn to be patient with him. People

would grow very selfish if little Charlies were not constantly coming into the world to make them better; no one has any right to go on with his own pursuits, not caring for those younger or weaker than himself. Often when I listen to you, or teach you to read, I should prefer to read myself, or write a letter.

Willie. I might have thought of that, but I did not.

Mamma. The good Father did not send any of us here for ourselves alone, but to be patient with and help each other. Besides, think one moment how much little Charlie amuses us, when he mimics you reading, or me dusting the room.

Willie. Oh yes! and when he tries to put on papa's boots, or my cap hinderside before, or feeds his wooden horse with cracker and apple, or makes believe laugh, throwing his head back like a little old man! I will try and not be vexed with him. He got my pencil this morning, and I pulled it away, and made him scream. When he gets my things, what should I do?

Mamma. Let him have them a few moments, and find something he may have, and he will soon drop your "treasures." Such little ones want every new thing, but do not like any one plaything long. But the better way, Willie, is to put your books, slates, and pencils, in your drawer, out of baby Charlie's way.

Willie. Yes, I know I ought to; but I forget and forget.

Mamma. Charlie will only want what he sees; and if you learn to put away your tools and playthings, Charlie will have taught you one habit which will be of value to you all your life, a habit which some grown-up children have not learned, and suffer from their ignorance every

day. Speaking of patience, little Bessie taught me a lesson the other day; she was playing with her blocks, and scarcely had the foundation of a house laid, before Charlie would knock it over. She tried, and tried again, as many times certainly as Bruce's spider tried to weave his web: you remember the story papa told you the other day?

Willie. Oh yes! "Try again, little weaver."

Mamma. At last, the dear little girl looked pleasantly up in the baby's face, and said, "Tarley, I wish you were aheep! Mamma, aint it time for Tarley to go heep now?"

Willie. I know I am not so patient as Bessie.

Mamma. Another thing: almost every one is so made that there is more real pleasure in giving up something for another, than in doing what he would have selfishly chosen to do. Do you know what I mean?

Willie. Yes, mamma, I think I do. The day you had quinces to preserve, I wanted to walk with papa to the middle of the town; but I stayed and played with Charlie almost all the forenoon; but when you came in and kissed me, and told me I was a good patient little boy, I felt very happy, happier a great deal than if I had gone out to walk.

Mamma. I think you will always find it so, my son; but I must go now, for our little rogue has waked up, and I hear him calling me.

E. A. T.

THE STORMY PETREL.

WHILE crossing the Atlantic, I several times encountered the Stormy Petrel. He is a web-footed bird, as you are probably aware, and lives the greater portion of his time on the water. It is a common belief among sailors, that petrels are birds of ill omen. They think that they are certain harbingers of a storm; and it is on this account that these birds get their name of *stormy petrel*. Sailors, however, never call them by this name. In their dialect, they are called *Mother Carey's Chickens*, for what reason I have not been able to find out.

It is a great treat to a man, who has been several days on the ocean, to get a sight of half a dozen of these stormy petrels. The truth is, a sea-life gets amazingly dull after a time. You cannot read much. Promenading gets to be stale sport. You look around your vessel, and see nothing but water, water, water. The prospect becomes tame. You have too much of it. Then if you can see a ship, or a whale, or a porpoise, some of Mother Carey's chickens, or even a few gulls, it relieves the monotony of the voyage a good deal. I am sure I took a great deal of interest in the petrels that followed our steamer. They went through with such a variety of evolutions, so rapidly, and continued them so long without resting, that I used to wonder why they did not dip down exhausted under water.

"Up and down, up and down,
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
Amid the plashy and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home, —

A home, if such a place can be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and teach them to spring,
At once o'er the waves, on their stormy wing."

On some of the rocky shores of England, against which the Atlantic waves are constantly dashing, the stormy petrel builds his nest. Sometimes it selects for its family a crevice in the rock, and it is not unfrequently known to choose for this purpose the burrow of the rat or the rabbit. There, in that lonely and desolate spot, the mother-bird sits, uttering a low, purring noise, as if trying to cheer her solitude.

Mr. Hewitson gives an interesting account of these birds, as he has seen them in some of the Shetland Islands, during the period when they are raising their young. "During the day," says this writer, "the old birds remain within their holes; and, when most other birds are gone to rest, they issue forth in great numbers, spreading themselves far over the surface of the sea. The fishermen then meet them very numerous, and, though they had not previously seen one, are sure to be surrounded by them, on throwing pieces of bread overboard."

It did not appear to me that these birds came around our ship oftener in a storm, or just before a storm, than at any other time. I think it quite likely that the notions of sailors in respect to this matter, like many others which they hold, had their origin in superstition. No doubt the object of the birds in following a ship is to pick up such morsels of food as are thrown overboard.

It is a singular fact, which I first became acquainted with on my passage from New York to Liverpool, that some species of birds — perhaps petrels and gulls only — are found in the middle of the ocean.

These petrels are not, strictly speaking, divers; but they dash on the object which they seek with the rapidity almost of lightning; and, in doing so, they will sometimes plunge in a greater portion of their body. The sound which these birds utter, when out at sea, is somewhat like the croaking of a frog. During storms, they will shelter themselves between the rolling waves, and remain there some instants, notwithstanding the incessant motion of the sea, running along the movable furrows of the ocean, as blackbirds would do among those of the corn-field, and balancing their wings, so as to skim over the water, striking it rapidly with their feet. They seem to walk on the water; and it is on this account, we are told — because they seem to do as Peter attempted to do on the Sea of Galilee — that they have received the name of *petrel*. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

DURING the last war, a Quaker was on board an American ship engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace-principles calmly, until he saw a stout Briton climbing up the vessel by a rope which hung overboard. Seizing a hatchet, the Quaker looked over the side of the ship, and remarked: "Friend, if thee wants that piece of rope, thee may have it;" when, suiting the deed to the word, he cut off the rope, and down went the poor fellow to his long watery home! — *Selected*.

THE CRICKET.

CHIRP! chirp! What sound is that we hear?
 That tiny noise, so shrill and clear,
 That rises 'mid the falling dew,
 Like fairy music, strange and new?

Chirp! chirp! The little cricket sings,
 Fluttering his brown and gauzy wings:
 "I come to warn you summer's flying,
 I come to tell you leaves are dying."

The elm-leaf — yellow, specked with brown —
 From the great tree comes fluttering down;
 The maple leaves are turning red;
 Red glows the sumach overhead;

"And, on the hill, the golden-rod"
 Waves its light plumes with graceful nod;
 The ragged, fiery cardinal
 Grows by the brookside, wild and tall;

Ripe in the burr the chestnut shines;
 Large hang the clusters on the vines;
 The grain-stalk shakes its heavy ear;
 And gladsome autumn-time is here.

The cricket, with his trumpet shrill,
 Sounds the good news o'er vale and hill,
 And calls the world with joy to share
 The gifts of God's providing care.

Sound on! sound on! thou "dusky sprite;"
 And thy loud voice, throughout the night,
 Shall tell of that protecting Arm
 On which we sleep, secure from harm.

ED.

TRUE GENEROSITY.

AUNT HETTY'S STORY.

I WENT once to spend some time with a very dear friend, who had a large family of children. Those who attracted me the most were the oldest girl, who was fifteen years of age, and two sweet little twin girls of eight or nine. Twin-sisters generally resemble each other very closely, not only in personal appearance, but in character; and, as Nellie and Nettie were so alike I could scarcely tell them apart, I naturally expected to find in them the same traits of disposition. A few days, however, showed me that I was wrong.

One night, when Carrie, the oldest sister whom I just mentioned, had seen the little ones snugly in bed, she came into my room. I had just finished writing; and, as she sat down by the fire, she began to talk of the children.

"Nellie and Nettie," said I, "are unlike all other twins I have ever seen; for, though they look so much alike, they are not alike in disposition."

"Not at all alike, Aunt Hetty. Mother says they are more unlike than any two of her other children. Nettie is so generous. She always gives away the largest share of any thing she has. Nellie is a dear little soul, but she has not Nettie's generosity."

"You surprise me, Carrie. I should have supposed Nellie the least selfish."

"You won't say so, Aunt Hetty, when you have been with us some time. Nettie seems to take such real pleasure in giving."

Visitors below were here announced, and we were obliged to leave my chamber fireside. I had not leisure to think of what Carrie had said, until I retired for the night. I could not think Nettie the most generous; indeed, I had been prejudiced in Nellie's favor by two or three very unselfish acts I had seen her perform; but I resolved, as I blew out the light, that I would watch both the children very carefully. Notwithstanding I am an old maid, I am very fond of young people. I take great pleasure in seeing their characters develop; and, wherever I can without interfering with their parent's discipline, I like to give these characters some bent towards right and duty.

The next morning I was in the breakfast-room before any of the older members of the family. Nellie and Nettie were there, seated in great rocking-chairs, one on each side of the fire, busily dividing some molasses candy, which had been put out on the snow to harden, the night before. Nellie, with a pleasant "Good morning, Aunt Hetty," rose from her seat, and, asking me if I would not like to warm myself, gave me her place.

"Oh! our candy is delicious, Aunt Hetty. It has hardened so nicely, and you must eat some," cried Nettie, giving me a large share of hers.

"I don't think I like candy enough, Nettie, to eat all this, especially before breakfast; but, if you please, I will save one stick, and eat it by and by." In vain did I protest that I could not eat it. Nettie carried it to my room, and put it on my shelf for me to eat when I was hungry.

I had been repeatedly struck by Nellie's peculiar timidity. To be obliged to speak to a stranger, or to be

noticed by one, was a real pain to her. She shrank from a word of praise, even from her own family, as most other children do from blame. A simple "That was right, Nellie," was sufficient for her. Nettie was as confident as her sister was timid. I do not mean to imply by this, that she had any unbecoming forwardness, but merely that she was fond of being noticed and praised, and often held long conversations with strangers. This often made Nellie appear to disadvantage, and was, I thought, one reason why Carrie did not think her as generous as Nettie. I was confirmed in this opinion the very next day, when, having an errand to do in the village, I accompanied the children on their way to school. Carrie walked by my side, while the two little ones trudged on in front. As we were about to cross a street, a carriage was coming, and Nellie and Nettie crossed before it came, while we were obliged to wait until it had driven past us. When we crossed, we found a beggar-woman talking to Nettie; while Nellie, with her timid, frightened face, was hurrying towards us. Nettie meanwhile had taken her luncheon from her basket, and had given it to the beggar.

"Dear little Nettie!" said Carrie softly to me, "that is just like her."

I forebore to remark on Nellie's timidity, which I had no doubt had prevented her from giving her luncheon, and waited for time and circumstances to enable Carrie to understand her little sister better.

At dinner, Carrie helped Nettie to a large share of the good things before us, saying, "You must be hungry, Nettie; for you gave away your luncheon."

"If any one is hungry, sister," she replied, "it must

be Nellie, and not I; for she gave me a great deal more than half her luncheon. Nellie looked distressed; and the little chatterbox stopped in the midst of her chattering, and began to eat her dinner.

I was entertaining the twins one day after dinner, with a long fairy tale, when Carrie came running up stairs. "Isn't it too bad?" cried she; "Uncle Pratt has come with Clarence and Kitty, and he wants to take one of you to ride; but he cannot take both."

"Oh! go then, Nettie," said Nellie. "I like to hear Aunt Hetty's story almost as well as to go on a sleigh-ride." But the child's heightened color told me it was a sacrifice.

"You had better go, Nellie."

"No, no! I will stay and hear Aunt Hetty's story."

"Oh, dear! then I shall lose it."

"No; you shall not, if Aunt Hetty will finish it before we go to bed. Will you put it off till then, auntie?"

I readily promised, wondering, as Carrie hurried off Nettie to make her ready, whether she did not notice, that, in a single moment's space, Nellie had given up two gratifications. Nellie watched the sleigh as it glided from the door, and then brought a piece of merino and her doll, and asked my advice about cutting and making it a sack. I offered to cut it for her; and she looked up and said with a playful smile, "But if you cut mine, you must cut Nettie's." And before she began to sew, she went to her sister Alice, to beg that she would sew for Nettie, that she might have just as much done as herself. Nettie did not come home till after eight. She

was very tired and sleepy ; but she brought a bag of nuts, the greater part of which she gave to Nellie.

" Now for our story, Nettie," said Nellie, who had waited with the patience of a lamb till Nettie had distributed her nuts.

" Oh ! I am too tired to listen to-night. Won't you tell it to-morrow, Aunt Hetty ? Nellie will wait, I know."

" Oh, yes !" cried Nellie, " tell it to-morrow, and we shall both be brighter ;" and, with a good-night kiss, the little girls left me.

Carrie had formed the habit of coming into my room every night after the children were in bed ; and when she came that night, she spoke again of Nettie's generosity. " She has given away almost all her nuts, and has left only two or three for herself."

" I see, Carrie," I replied, " that you and I have not the same idea of generosity. You think to be generous is to share what one has with others. That is merely one kind of generosity ; and, in that view, Nettie is generous ; but, in the most comprehensive view of generosity, Nellie far exceeds her sister. Nellie is the least selfish."

" Why, Aunt Hetty ! how can you think Nettie selfish ?"

" I do not think she is selfish. I do not think either is selfish, as selfishness is commonly understood. I only say that Nellie is less so than Nettie. When you came up stairs this afternoon to say that but one could go to ride, Nellie immediately preferred that Nettie should go ; and, when she consoled herself with the thought of the story I should tell her, and Nettie wanted her to

wait till she came home, she gave up that pleasure too. And now she has just given it up again. Is not that being generous, Carrie?"

"Yes, aunt. I think I understand what you mean."

"Nellie is so quiet in her generosity that you are apt to forget it. She did not offer me any of her candy the other morning, but she offered me her seat by the fire. At the same time, I dare say, she would have given me the candy as readily as Nettie."

"I am going to watch them for myself, and see if I shall come to the same conclusion as you have done."

A day or two after, Carrie was taken sick. She had a slow, bilious fever; but she was not obliged to keep her bed constantly, and she at times enjoyed the company of the family very much. Nellie and Nettie were always with her when they were out of school. One afternoon they came into Carrie's room with hoods and cloaks on, all ready to go and slide.

"Why, my little girls," said their mother, "I am afraid you will have to take off your cloaks and stay at home; for Aunt Hetty and I are going to grandma's to drink tea, and sister Alice must go over the bridge, a long distance, to do an errand for me, and you will have to stay with sister Carrie."

"O mother!" said Nettie, "we promised Lizzie May we would go to slide with her, and we ought to keep our promises."

"Yes, I know you ought; but then you might go and tell her why you cannot come, and that would not be breaking the promise. When a little girl makes a promise to go out, it always should mean that she will go if her mother thinks best; and if her mother does not think

it best, the child does not break any promise, especially if she goes and gets excused."

"I know a better way than being excused, mother," said Nellie. "I love dearly to stay with sister Carrie, and Nettie can go and play with Lizzie May;" and Nellie untied the strings of her hood, and went to put it and her cloak in its proper place.

Nettie stood hesitating a moment, and then she said, "Well, I'll go and slide a *little* while, and then I'll come in again."

When we were ready to go, we looked into Carrie's room to give the little nurse her last instructions.

"O! I'll take *such* nice care of sister," said she, "I am going to read to her, and then perhaps she will take a short nap."

The next morning, when the children had gone to school, and their mother was busy with her household affairs, I went to sit with Carrie. She was quite comfortable, and seated in an easy chair by the fire.

"Ah! Aunt Hetty," she remarked as I entered, "I must confess you are in the right. Nellie is the most generous of the twins. She was lovely yesterday, and took as good care of me as if she had been a woman. I was perfectly surprised to find her so attentive and thoughtful. But Nettie was true to herself. She brought me home some oranges. I think, when you are not well, you understand little quiet, unassuming attentions a great deal better than when you are in health."

"They are both sweet children," said I, "and I would not for the world check Nettie's freedom in giving; but I am glad you see that there are more ways than one

to be generous. Perhaps, hereafter, you may be able to influence Nettie to give up her pleasures and convenience as well as her toys and sweetmeats." ED.

PUZZLES.

Our answers to the puzzles in the August number shall be given next month.

CAN you a word of eight letters compose ?

I write it in rhyme, instead of in prose.

My 6, 5, 4, is a biped common, *very*.

My 1, 5, 8, is used in making merry.

My 6, 7, 3, 5, is an island's ancient name.

My 6, 2, 1, 5, is found both abroad and at "hame."

My whole, it is a useful tree,

Which in the tropics you might see.

G. G. S.

I AM composed of nineteen letters.

My 1, 3, 7, is a cooling article.

My 2, 3, 12, is a light knock.

My 5, 14, 4, 19, is a product of the fir-tree.

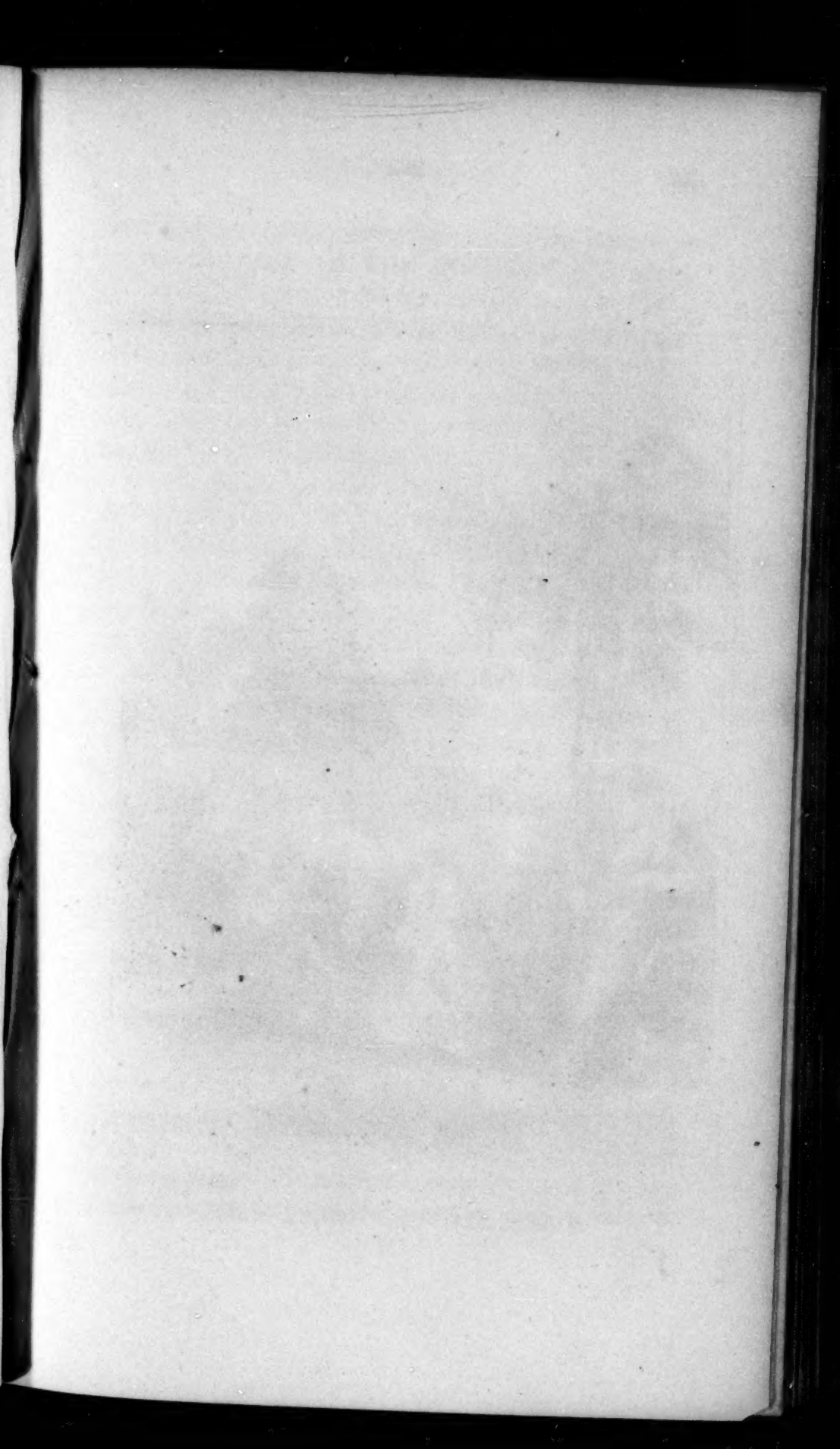
My 9, 3, 12, is the blood of a tree.

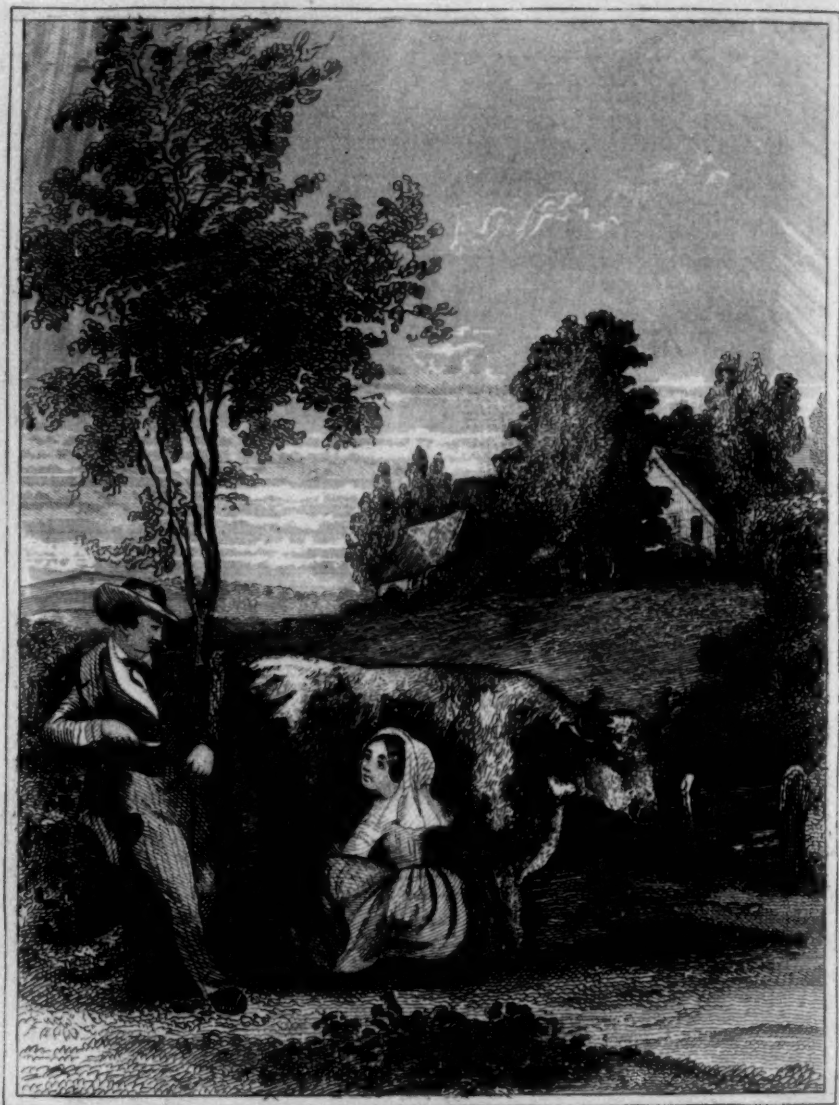
My 10, 8, 13, is a "ball and socket" joint.

My 12, 17, 15, is a husk or shell.

My 15, 16, 17, 18, 11, 6, is a celebrated character in a celebrated play; and my whole is an equestrian establishment.

TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.





LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

"Now tell me, Cousin Mary," said William Lindsay, as he stood idly whittling, and leaning against a large rock, "tell me how you can bear to live in the country. It is very pleasant here for a few weeks, I know, when the fruit is ripe, and very pleasant are all the rides and walks here; but to live here all the time, — Mary, how *do* you manage it?"

Mary turned half round on her milking-stool to look at her cousin. There he stood, with his eyes fixed on her, as if he had asked the question in earnest. "You puzzle me, William," she answered. "I really cannot tell where to begin to answer you. I think living in the city would require a great deal more *management* on my part. I love the country at all times. It is always pleasant here."

"But then, Mary, there is so much drudgery to be done. You rise at five, I verily believe; for the other morning, just after sunrise, I heard you calling to the chickens to feed them. Then you turn away at that old churn till my arms ache to see you, and then all the butter has to be worked over by hand; and this very milking, how can you bear to do it? I tried it once, and would not do it again for the world."

"But, William, I like to feed the chickens, milk the cows, and make butter."

"Now, Mary, you are, in the main, a good, sensible girl; and I really find it difficult to believe that you prefer the country. So much the worse for you if you do; for my mother has persuaded yours to let you come to

town next winter, and go to school with Jane and Louisa."

Mary's countenance fell, but instantly brightened again. "I am willing to go, to have greater advantages than I can have here," said she. "For I know that I wish to learn a great many things which I cannot learn here; but still I shall be very sorry to leave the country."

"You are not the least bit of a Yankee, Mary. Anybody would think you would like to live in the city out of mere curiosity! Just think of the shops! Why, not a day passes without my looking in at the shop-windows, and admiring all the beautiful things. Then it is so lively in the city. There is always something going on. Sometimes there is a great actor at the theatre, sometimes a course of lectures by some popular speaker, sometimes a sleigh-ride frolic, or a large evening party."

"But, William, is this the way Jane and Louisa do? Are they constantly going to theatres, lectures, sleigh-rides, and parties? And when do they find time for their lessons?"

William looked a little confused. He did not answer his cousin's question, but went on: "Well, Mary, if you did not like these things, you certainly would like the music. Think of the beautiful bands we have, and the operas and concerts!"

Mary had by this time finished milking, and she took up her pail to go home. William followed her, without offering to take the pail, which was quite heavy. Mary wondered whether he would not have taken a bundle for a city-girl, and why, with all his talk about city manners, he had left his behind him, instead of bringing them to Eastford.

They presently reached the slope on which the house was situated, and there a glorious spectacle burst on their eyes. The sun was going down amid gorgeous masses of crimson and gold, and long pink clouds streamed up into the zenith like waving banners. Every variety of shade and shape was there. The bases of the hills lay in deep shadow, while the sunlight tinged their summits, and the tops of the tall trees stood out bathed in light from the surrounding shadows. In the valley lay the tiny lake, reflecting the brilliant sunset, and seeming to Mary, as it did to Eva St. Clare, "a sea of glass mingled with fire."

Mary looked at William. He was sauntering carelessly along, whistling the last polka, and apparently no more conscious of the beautiful scene before him than if he had had no eyes. Mary was one whose quick impulses were not often chilled by a want of sympathy with others, and she burst forth, —

"There, William, a whole winter of sight-seeing, sleigh-riding, and dancing would not equal a scene like this! What have you in the city to compare with this almost magical light? What can be equal to those dark-blue hills, those tall trees, that beautiful sheet of water? Ah! I would be willing to *drudge*, as you call it, twice as hard as I do now to enjoy such beauty, and to enjoy it so intensely."

William looked at his cousin in astonishment. He and his mother had agreed, when they first came to Eastford, that she was a "dowdy little thing;" but, as she stood on the rising ground, her bonnet thrown back, the night-wind waving the hair which overhung her face, and her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, William fancied

her suddenly changed, and clapping his hands, he exclaimed, "Bravo! cousin. You don't know how becoming a little enthusiasm is in you."

Mary did not like this speech, and she said, "A little enthusiasm would do you no harm, William; or rather a true appreciation of all this beauty. I pity you, William, pity you, notwithstanding you consider yourself so far above me in the knowledge of society, and its requirements. I pity any one who can stand, as you do, in the midst of these glorious works of God, with a heart unmoved by any glow of grateful feeling, or even by a sense of the beautiful. If I thought that a winter in the city would shut my eyes and harden my heart to these glories, I would willingly resign my desire for a better education than this wide-spread landscape is always teaching me."

William stood a moment in surprise, as Mary turned from him, and went into the house.

"What can possess the girl?" thought he. I never heard her talk in this way before. Pity me, indeed! I can't be angry with her, however. She seems to be in earnest in what she says, so much in earnest that I really believe there must be some enjoyment here that I cannot see. I wonder whether I *could* live in the country." This last mental inquiry proved too much for William; so he went into the house, and was soon engaged in eating, with a very un-city-like appetite, a very bountiful supper. ED.

DOCILITY AND OBEDIENCE OF ELEPHANTS.

ACCORDING to Ælian, the elephants of Germanicus were trained to take part in the performances of the Roman theatre. There, among the assembled thousands, they appeared quite at home, lost all dread of the clashing of cymbals, and moved in cadence to the sounds of the notes of the flute. "Upon one occasion (we quote the account given in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge), when a particular exhibition of the docility of these elephants was required, twelve of the most sagacious and well-trained were selected, who, marching into the theatre with a regular step, at the voice of their keeper, moved in harmonious measure, sometimes in a circle, and sometimes divided into parties, scattering flowers over the pavement. In the intervals of the dance, they would beat time to the music, still preserving their proper order. The Romans, with their accustomed luxury, feasted the elephants, after this display, with prodigal magnificence. Splendid couches were placed in the arena, ornamented with paintings, and covered with tapestry. Before the couches, upon tables of ivory and cedar, were spread the banquet of the elephants, in vessels of gold and silver. The preparations being completed, the twelve elephants marched in; six males clad in the robes of men, and six females, attired as women. They lay down in order upon their couches, or '*tricliniums* of festival recumbency;' and, at a signal, extended their trunks and ate with most praiseworthy moderation. Not one of them, says Ælian, appeared the least voracious, or manifested any dispo-

sition for an unequal share of the food, or an undue proportion of the delicacies. They were as moderate also in their drink, and received the cups which were presented to them with the greatest decorum. According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks, fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a Pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope; and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope, or rather parallel ropes, bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick. This feat of dancing or walking upon a rope might perhaps be doubted, if it rested merely upon the testimony of a single author; but the practice is confirmed by many ancient writers of authority, who agree with Pliny that the elephants trained at Rome would not only walk along a rope forward, but retire backward with equal precision."

Even in our country, the elephant has been taught to take part in the performances of the theatre; in other words, to appear as an actor requisite to the plot of the drama. This took place in the London Adelphi and in the Coburg, about twelve or fourteen years ago; and, however questionable might have been the taste, there is no doubt that the "sagacious brute" was the most applauded player of the time. This animal, a female, was marched in procession, knelt down at the waving of the hand, placed the crown on the head of "the true prince," uncorked and drank several bottles of wine with decorum, supped with her stage companions around her, and made her obeisance to the audience. Above

all, she assisted the escape of some of the *dramatis personæ* from prison by kneeling upon her hind legs, and thus forming an inclined plane for the safe descent of her friends; and this she did, unmoved by the glare of numerous lights, the sounds of music, and shouts of the admiring spectators. Equally curious with this is the feat mentioned by Arrian, of an elephant that he saw beating a measure with cymbals. This was performed by having two cymbals attached to its knees; while it held a third in its proboscis, and beat with great exactness the while others danced around it, without deviating from the time indicated. Busbequius, who visited Constantinople about the middle of the sixteenth century, there witnessed an elephant not only dance with elegance and accuracy, but play at ball with great skill, tossing it with his trunk, and catching it again, as easily as a man could with his hands. Nay, if we can credit Ælian, he has seen an elephant "write Latin characters on a board in a very orderly manner, his keeper only showing him the figure of each letter."

Among the most interesting elephants kept in this country, without any reference to profit, was one which was lately at the Duke of Devonshire's villa, at Chiswick, the gift of a lady in India. This animal was a female, remarkable for the gentleness of its disposition; and from the kindness with which it was treated, and the free range that was allowed it, probably came nearer to an elephant in a state of nature than any other which ever appeared in this country. The house erected for her shelter was of large dimensions, and well ventilated; and she had, besides, the range of a paddock of considerable extent. At the call of her keeper, she came out of

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her house, and immediately took up a broom, ready to perform his bidding in sweeping the grass or paths. She would follow him with a pail or watering-pot around the enclosure. Her reward was a carrot and some water; but, previously to satisfying her thirst, she would exhibit her ingenuity by emptying the contents of a soda-water bottle, which was tightly corked. This she did by pressing the bottle against the ground with her foot, so as to hold it securely at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and gradually twisting out the cork with her trunk, although it was very little above the edge of the neck; then, without altering the position, she turned her trunk round the bottle, so that she might reverse it, and thus empty the contents into the extremity of the proboscis. This she accomplished without spilling a drop, and she delivered the empty bottle to her keeper before she attempted to discharge the contents of the trunk into her mouth. The affection of this poor animal for her keeper was so great, that she would cry after him whenever he was absent for more than a few hours. She was about twenty-nine years old when she died, early in 1829, of what was understood to be pulmonary consumption.

It is not always, however, for mere amusement or curiosity that the docility of the elephant is exhibited: it would say little for human ingenuity, were not the strength of such a powerful animal brought to bear upon useful and necessary operations. We have seen that in India he is made a beast of carriage and draught, carrying indifferently the howdah and baggage-chest, and dragging the ponderous artillery-car; but, besides these, there are many other minor occupations in which he can

be successfully engaged. Thus elephants were at one time employed in the launching of ships, being trained to push in unison with their powerful fronts and heavy bodies. It is told of one that was directed to force a large vessel into the water, but which proved superior to his strength, that, on being upbraided for his laziness, the distressed animal increased his efforts with such vehemence, that he fractured his skull on the spot. In piling wood, drawing water, removing obstructions from the way of an army on march, &c. the elephant is highly serviceable; and, if properly directed, will perform his duties with astonishing precision. "I have seen," says M. D'Obsonville, "two occupied in beating down a wall which their keepers had desired them to do, and encouraged them by a promise of fruits and brandy. They combined their efforts; and doubling up their trunks, which were guarded from injury by leather, thrust against the strongest part of the wall, and by reiterated shocks continued their attacks, still observing and following the effect of the equilibrium with their eyes; then at last, making one grand effort, they suddenly drew back together, that they might not be wounded by the ruins." It is also told of an elephant at Barrackpoor, that would swim laden with parcels to the opposite shore of the Ganges, and then unload himself with undeviating accuracy. In the year 1811, a lady, staying with her husband, an officer in the Company's service, at a house near the fort of Travancore, was astonished one morning to observe an elephant, unattended, marching into the courtyard, carrying a box in his trunk, apparently very heavy. He deposited this, and, going his way, soon returned with a similar box, which he placed by the side of

the other. He continued this operation till he had formed a considerable pile, arranged with undeviating order. The boxes contained the treasure of the rajah of Travancore, who had died in the night, and of whose property the English commander had taken possession, thus removing the more valuable for greater security.

Much of what is called docility in animals arises from mere unreasoning habit, forced upon them by frequent repetition, by food, punishing them when the act is ill executed, and by giving them delicacies when it is well performed. Thus a horse will go to his own stall, and stand in it untied as well as when tied; go to and from the water, place himself between the shafts of the cart, and do other similar acts, without any interference; just as an elephant will tie its own legs at night, or kneel when a person of rank passes by. But there are many duties which the latter will learn to perform almost at first sight, the knowledge of which he acquires with an aptitude that would do credit even to human reason. "I have myself," says the author of *Twelve Years' Military Adventure*, "seen the wife of a mahoud (for the followers often take their families with them to camp) give a baby in charge to an elephant, while she went on some business, and have been highly amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would, as soon as left to itself, begin crawling about; in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the trees on which he was feeding; when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by

removing the impediments to its free progress. If the child had crawled to such a distance as to verge upon the limits of his range (for the animal was chained by the leg to a peg driven into the ground), he would stretch out his trunk, and lift it back as gently as possible to the spot whence it started." — *Selected.*

THE LITTLE SEED.

DEEP in the ground, folded in withered leaves, lay a little seed, and longed for the time when it might spring up to the light and air above; but the snow lay deep and cold over the earth, and no sunlight came to call it forth, so patiently it waited, and watched meanwhile what went on below. All around slept the flower-roots, and the little ants lay safe in their warm cells; but, when the snow melted, and the cool drops stole down to wake and freshen them, after their long sleep, then each one sent forth its tender shoot, and watched daily over it, that it might gain strength to reach the light above; and, as they were thus employed, many were the gay thoughts of the long and happy hours they soon might spend on the pleasant earth; and each longed to see the friends from whom it parted, when it sank to sleep beneath the autumn leaves. All had friends and kindred but the little seed, who did not even know what flower-name it bore, nor how the green earth looked; and, listening to the merry tales the flowers told, it grew ever more and more eager for the time when it might join the happy flowers, and find friends to love. Till now it had slept, and knew nothing, and, when it woke,

found itself a stranger among the roots and seeds of many unknown plants.

At length, one by one, the flowers sprang up to bloom in the soft spring-sun. Still all alone and friendless lay the little seed, and heard the flower-voices singing gaily above; and watched the busy ants, as they came to store up food for the winter-time; and from them it learned how bright and beautiful the earth had grown, how the ugly seeds that had lain beside it had changed to lovely flowers, and now were dancing in the spring-wind.

"Ah!" sighed the little seed, "why may not I too enjoy these pleasant things? why must I live sad and solitary in the dark earth, while my sister-flowers are leading happy lives above? I will not stay alone; I will bloom as fair as the rose which the flowers call their queen, and live here no longer."

Then a wise little ant said to the impatient seed, "If thou goest too soon, thy life will be short and sad: the winds are too cold yet for thee, and thou must be content to stay yet longer in the warm earth, and gather strength; for thou art as yet too young to take fit care of thyself. I will bring thee tidings of what goes on above, and do thou wait here the time when thou mayst spring up."

So long lay the little seed; and when at length it gathered strength, and put forth its shoots, they soon found their way to the light, and grew daily green and strong; and then at last the brown seed was a plant, and saw the earth it had so longed for. The sunlight came to strengthen, and the dew to feed it; the soft wind blew, to brush the dust from its tender leaves, and the gentle rain came down, to moisten its young roots. Yet

still it was not happy; for no flower came, and, though it stood straight and tall, no little fragrant bud peeped from the green leaves: so, among the garden flowers, it found no friends, and they looked with wonder at the tall plant, which bore only broad green leaves. Thus through the summer lived the nameless one, but found no more joy than when it lay a poor brown seed, below the earth.

But, when the flowers sank to sleep again, after their short summer life, the plant did not become a seed again; but, one by one, the leaves fell off, and naked and alone it stood, while the cold winds blew, and the winter-snow came down. Then was it left friendless and solitary through the dreary months, when no soft rain fell, or dew came, and yet it still lived on, and did not suffer: gentle thoughts and grateful feelings came, and it began to think it could not be alone, for some one still thought of the lonely little tree; and then it said within itself, "I sought to make no friends, but lived a discontented life amid all sweet things, unmindful of the loving care taken of one who so ill deserved it. I might have won, by gentle words, the love of the fair flowers I envied; and they perhaps would have taught me how to bear sweet blossoms like their own, or, if that could not be, with such loving friends I should have no longer felt alone. I may yet do this; and, if they blossom near me when the summer comes again, they shall find, that, while they slept in the warm earth, I, amid snow and bitter winds, have learned to find joy in my own heart, and happiness in loving others."

Then through the long, cold winter stood the little tree, and grew ever stronger, both in heart and form.

When the winds swept rudely by, gently it bowed its head, and thus no harm came to it; and, though the snow and ice lay around it, below in the warm earth the roots sent fresh sap to the stem above, and fitted it for summer time.

Soon the earth grew green again, and the flowers showed their smiling faces; the wind went singing by, and the soft sunlight brought strength and beauty to their tender forms.

Then they wondered at the little tree; for it grew faster than any of them, and soon spread its slender boughs above their heads; and they no longer smiled because it bore no flowers, but looked up to it for shelter. At first, they dared not speak to it, for they remembered how proud and selfish it had been; but soon this fear passed away, for the tree drooped lovingly over them, spread its broad leaves to shield them from the sun and rain, and whispered gentle words to them, and prayed to be their friend. Then little vines folded their soft arms about its strong stem, and, leaning on the kindly tree, spread their bright flowers and blossoms on its breast, striving, in sweet odors, to tell their love; and birds made their homes among its boughs, and tenderly the tree spread its leaves above their nests, that no cruel hands should harm them, as it softly rocked the little ones to sleep.

Thus the once friendless tree was loved by all. Flowers trustingly looked to it for shelter, and blossomed on its breast; birds' sweet voices sang among its branches, and bright-winged insects found homes amid its leaves. Then was life truly pleasant; and thus lived the tree many summers, and though in the winter-time it stood

alone, yet pleasant thoughts of the gentle little friends who lay sleeping all around filled its heart, and thus it never felt as solitary as before it learned to seek for happiness in gentle deeds.

When spring came, and the flowers opened their bright eyes, they looked always first at their friend the tree, and seemed to gather round the flowerless one, as if to cheer and thank it for its kindly care of them; and thus, amid a garden of loving friends, grew the tree ever more strong and lovely; and at length, as if to repay it for the patient love it bore within, came the first blossoms on its boughs, and, as the white petals unfolded, a soft blush spread among them, making more lovely the contrast with the deep green leaves, while their breath was sweeter than the lily or the rose.

Then the flowers rejoiced that blossoms fairer than their own had been given to their gentle friend. Golden butterflies spread their bright wings above them; and bees, with their low voices, drank the honey from their cups.

Thus for many days they bloomed, but at length withered and died. Then the other flowers wept and mourned for their friend; but the little tree had learned to trust one wiser than itself, and patiently it waited what should come.

As the summer days passed on, tender green fruit appeared upon its boughs, and, as the warm sunlight kissed them, brightly glowed their rosy cheeks; and, when the summer flowers passed away, their last look fell upon the tree, now grown tall and graceful, while among the deep green leaves hung crimson fruit, glowing in the autumn sun.

Thus, as years went by, larger grew the tree, till its broad branches cast their shadows far and wide, while beneath sweet flowers bloomed, the tall grass waved, and gentle birds brooded about their nests. Happy children played around, and their voices sounded gaily as they sang among the flowers, and gathered in the rosy fruit.

And thus the friendless little seed, after long waiting, became a noble tree, stronger and fairer for all that it had learned.

L. M. A.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

COME hither, little Christian,
And hearken unto me :
I'll teach thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

When a Christian child awaketh,
He should think of God in heaven,
And softly say, " I thank thee, Lord,
For the sleep which thou hast given."

He must say, when he ariseth,
" From evil and from harm
Defend thy little child, O Lord !
With thine everlasting arm."

Then, dressing very quietly,
The Christian child should say,
" With thy spotless robe of righteousness,
Lord, clothe my soul, I pray."

He reverently kneeleth
To pray beside his bed ;
With closéd eyes and humble voice,
His holy prayers are said.

And, as he thus approacheth
The God of heaven above,
He looketh down and smileth on
This little child of love.

He goeth from his chamber
To his work or to his play ;
But the prayers that he hath prayed
He must keep in mind all day.

He hath asked to be obedient ;
And so he must fulfil
His parents' bidding cheerfully,
With a glad mind and will.

In all his daily duties
He diligent must be,
And say, " Whate'er I do, O Lord !
I do it unto thee."

When the little Christian playeth,
He must use no angry words ;
For his little fellow-Christians
Are members of the Lord.

If a playmate take his playthings,
He must not rudely try
To snatch them back, but mildly ask,
Or meekly pass them by.

He hath asked to be made holy ;
So he must strive all day
To yield his will to others' will,
His way to others' way.

No greedy thoughts dishonor •
The Christian child at meals :
He eateth what God giveth him,
And ever thankful feels.

Where'er the cross he seeth,
On chancel, church, or tower,
In human form, in beast or bird,
In insect, tree, or flower,

To his crucified Redeemer
He must turn his thoughts, and say,
"May the cross upon my forehead shine
With living light alway !"

When no human eye can see him,
He knoweth God is nigh,
And that darkness cannot cover him
From his all-seeing eye.

When in a fault he falleth,
He must not hide the stain :
Repentance and confession
Must yield their healing pain.

He must kneel down in his chamber,
Confess what he hath done,
And ask to be forgiven
For the sake of God's dear Son.

Again, when evening cometh,
The Christian child will pray,
And praise the Lord for blessings given
To him throughout the day.

Then, his soul to God committing,
He quietly may sleep :
God and his holy angel-hosts
Will watch around him keep.

God bless thee, little Christian :
Be holy, humble, mild,
Obedient, truthful, diligent, —
A truly Christian child.

God bless thee, little Christian,
And bid thou God bless me :
I've taught thee what the daily life
Of a Christian child should be.

Sunday School Gazette.

[Our apology for inserting the above, which many of our readers must have seen, is our desire to give so beautiful a poem a wider circulation. — Ed.]

A CURIOUS FACT. — The blubber on a fat whale is sometimes, in its thickest parts, from fifteen to twenty inches thick, though seldom more than a foot. It is of a coarser texture and much harder than fat pork. So very full of oil is it, that a cask closely packed with the clean raw fat of the whale will not contain the oil boiled from it, and the scraps are left beside. This has been frequently proved by experiment.

A DAY AT QUEBEC.

WE approached this famous city early on a beautiful summer morning, and were first conscious that it was near by the shipping which lay in the stream for half a mile above the city. As our steamboat passed a bend in the St. Lawrence, Cape Diamond came in view, crowned with its massive fortifications; while below, in irregular, straggling groups, lay the strange-looking houses of the old town.

On nearing the wharf, we were more and more struck with the peculiar irregularity of the buildings, and with the steepness of the streets, which seemed to us almost perpendicular. When we disembarked, we took a carriage for a hotel, and were here gratified with our first view of a Canada *calèche*. These are singular-looking vehicles, somewhat resembling our chaises, and furnished with an elevated seat in front, where is perched the driver; while below, in the chaise, sit two passengers. As these *calèches* have no springs, it is not difficult to imagine that the motion, especially when a person is driven up the steep streets of Quebec in one, is not very pleasant. We drove through a gate, a massive stone archway, with a strong iron door in the centre, and found ourselves in a walled city. The gate was called the Palace-gate, and strange enough it seemed to republicans to be surrounded by so much that reminded us of royalty. It was, in fact, like visiting a foreign city.

Our first excursion, after breakfast was despatched, was to the Falls of the Montmorenci, six miles below Quebec. Our party occupied three open carriages, and

we drove for some distance through the town, constantly reminded, by the names of the streets, as well as by the odd-looking houses, that we were not in "Yankee-land." "Rue St. Denis," said one sign-board; "Rue St. Pierre," said another; while a third was "Rue St. Marguerite." When we reached the country, the drive was delightful. A rain had fallen the night before, and every thing was wonderfully fresh and bright. Fields of the most delicious clover were around us, and on our right was the broad St. Lawrence, with its opposite shore rising gradually from the water, and dotted with the houses of a little village. Here and there, along the road, were placed rude crosses, with a glass case attached, containing some image or relic. We passed some very pretty country-seats, and a beautiful stone building, the insane asylum. At last, we came to a cottage on our right, with five huge chimneys, and a pointed doorway extending up to the roof, and Lutheran windows. It was situated among some beautiful trees, at a short distance from the road. "This," said our driver, "is the house where Montcalm lived." We all observed it attentively, anxious to fix for ever in our memories the appearance of the residence of this brave commander.

Shortly after, we entered a village consisting of a single street. The houses throughout were the most picturesque we had ever seen. We felt that we wished to sketch every one of them. Here, too, we saw something which troubled our New-England prejudices. Women, with immense straw hats, were hoeing and weeding in the fields. But the prettiest feature of the ride was the children. They are taught to run after the passing carriages, and throw into them nosebags, consisting of a

flower or two, for which, in return, they receive two or three half-pence. A person who has never seen any thing of the kind can have no idea of the half-amusing, half-sad impression that it leaves. Children of all ages and both sexes, with clear brown skins, dressed with scanty and often ragged clothing, literally besiege the way. Some cry, "Un sous, un sous;" some are silent, and stand still, holding out their little hands with an eager look; some make graceful gestures, waving their hands above their heads, or kissing them to you; and some, bolder yet, bring their bouquets to the side of the carriage, and take from your hands the pence.

After this hamlet had been passed through, we came to the Montmorenci. We were obliged to leave our carriages, and walk to the falls. A beautiful basin, smooth as if it had been cut out by masonry, seems as if hollowed out on the bank of the St. Lawrence; and over its perpendicular height falls the Montmorenci, in a beautiful sheet. The falls were broader, and not so high as we had expected, but much more beautiful than we had ever imagined. The water does not seem angry and disturbed, but comes dashing down in the most sportive, merry way. The view of these falls is from a level with their top, so that we did not get the grandest impression from them, which is always to be had by standing at the bottom, and looking up. We could not stay here as long as we could have wished, and, taking our carriages again, we retraced our steps. Here, beside the children, another beautiful sight met us. Girls, from twelve to eighteen years of age, dressed entirely in white, and with books in their hands, were returning, on foot and in carts, from some religious ceremony. Their shawls,

as well as their dresses, were of white muslin; and they had white caps, with a ruffle of lace falling over their round, sun-browned faces. Instantly there came into our minds the beautiful comparison in Longfellow's translation, "The Children of the Lord's Supper," where the girls are likened to "lovely lilies;" and we asked the driver if they were not returning from confirmation. He answered "Yes," and added that this confirmation only took place once in five years, so that we were extremely fortunate in seeing these "lilies." The charming face of one child of about thirteen, who turned round in the cart from which she was just alighting to smile on us, has haunted us ever since.

We were obliged to return to the city for passports, and then set out for the Plains of Abraham and the fortifications. These plains are behind the city, and are outstretched at the top of a steep bank, which must have been very difficult to scale. Wolfe's monument, with its long inscriptions, towers above the spot; but English pride remembers not the equally brave and gallant Montcalm.

The fortifications were to us a very great wonder. Their situation is splendid. Below lies Quebec, with its tinned roofs glittering in sunlight; and the eye reaches down the river below the Falls of Montmorenci, the position of which is easily recognized by the peculiar-shaped basin, though the falls are not seen; and above, far beyond the plains of Abraham, the St. Lawrence stretches. Along the summit, and on the top of the walls, which are four or five feet in thickness, are planted the cannon; and it is easy to see that no enemy's vessel could approach without being shattered to pieces with

the shot thrown from this commanding height. The solidity of the whole fort is wonderful. We could hardly believe that man's art *could* make any thing so strong. Within it were the commanders' houses, and the barracks of the soldiers. How we pitied these poor men, standing about, with the most idle, wearied air! To amuse themselves, they had a young tame bear; but, tame as he was, we did not venture to approach too near his bearship. The gates of this place of strength corresponded to the rest of the works, and we could not imagine the taking of these heights by any force, however numerous.

From the fortifications, we drove to the Cathedral. Here we were disappointed. Instead of the "dim, religious light" we had expected to see, the whole place was covered with gilding, giving it a tawdry effect which ill agreed with our previous ideas of a cathedral. Some beautiful paintings were there, and some which were not to our taste. The service was over, and we wandered about at our will. The doors are constantly kept open; and one or two of the citizens, on the way to their dinner, entered, walked up to the high altar, and kneeled there for a few moments to pray. The outside of the church is not at all handsome; and Quebec, in fact, has no fine buildings. The handsomest is the Parliament-house, which we did not enter.

Our impressions of the city proper were not at all pleasant. Our eyes looked in vain for some sign of progress. Every thing seemed to be as it was a hundred years ago. No cleanliness, no order, prevailed; and, had we lived in the city a month, we thought we should still have found it impossible to go without a guide from our hotel to the boat, so crooked, winding, and blind

were the streets. The surroundings of Quebec are well worthy a much longer survey than we gave them, and we still left many beautiful places unvisited. We were not sorry to take our leave of it, however, at five o'clock, and embark again upon the river for Montreal, all agreeing that we had certainly had preparation for seeing the old cities of Europe, by our "day at Quebec."

ED.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

IN many parts of Germany, a plant, under the name of the Rose of Jericho, is preserved and made use of by its avaricious possessors for all sorts of juggling tricks and superstitious practices. The usual appearance of this vegetable-body is that of a brown ball, as large as a man's fist, formed by the little branches of the plant coiling up when perfectly dry, and is said to open only once a year at Christmas. The thing actually takes place: the plant expands, and displays singular forms in its branches, which are compared to Turks' heads, and relapses again into its former shape before the eyes of the astonished beholders. Although few persons now-a-days believe that any unusual circumstances attend this appearance, yet the high price at which the balls are sold (from twenty to twenty-five dollars each) shows that there are still some dupes, and that the true cause of this change is not generally known. A few remarks, therefore, may not be out of place.

Peter Belon, who travelled in the East from 1540 to 1546, is the first who mentions this plant, although it

appears to have been previously known in Italy; and he found it on the shores of the Red Sea. Leonard Rauwolf, of Augsburg, is said to have first brought it to Germany in 1576. Delisle found it growing in Egypt, in Barbary, and in Palestine.

It is an annual plant, with oval leaves. The stem is five or six inches high, branched from the ground; it is soft at first, but afterwards becomes dry and woody. From the axils of the leaves rise small branches of white flowers, which are succeeded by an oval capsule, or seed-vessel, having its persistent style in the middle, and furnished with an ear-shaped appendage at each side, in which a lively imagination finds some resemblance to a turban. These pods have two divisions, each division containing two small oval seeds. The plant is of easy cultivation, the seed only requiring to be sown in a hot-bed in spring, and transplanted into the open ground in May. It flowers in June, and ripens its seeds in September; after which the plant withers, and apparently dies: but on being planted in moist earth, or being well watered where it originally grew, it assumes its former shape, the roots fix themselves firmly in the earth, the branches expand, and young leaves and flowers are developed.

It is grown in most botanical gardens, but never acquires the perfect form of those specimens which are brought from Egypt. When the seeds are ripe, the leaves fall off, and the woody branches bend inwards over each other, in the form of a ball, inclosing the seed-vessels within. In this state, great numbers were brought to Europe by pilgrims in former times. When this dried plant is put into water, the branches unroll, and the pods

become visible: on being dried again, they again close; an experiment which may be tried at any season of the year, and which is grounded solely on the property possessed by the fibres of the plant of expanding in moisture and contracting in drought. For this reason, Linnæus named it *Anastatica*, from *anastasis*, resurrection. The French call it simply, *la jerosse hygrometrique*, without any mystical allusion. As the quantity of moisture which this plant requires for its re-expansion is always the same, it is easily ascertained by experiments how long it must remain in water to imbibe a sufficient quantity, and also how much time is required for evaporation before it again closes. This property is very adroitly taken advantage of by impostors. The plant is moistened so as to open exactly at the given time: thus about Christmas they take it out of the water, as it is not absolutely necessary that it should remain in it till the very moment of unfolding, when by degrees the branches open, and again contract on the evaporation of the moisture.

In the East, these balls are rolled by the winds in the sandy deserts until chance throws them near some humid spot, when the branches spread out, the capsules open, and thus, by a beautiful provision of Providence, sow their seeds where they find the moisture necessary for their vegetation. The plant possesses neither beauty nor smell; but, being imperishable, it is compared by the Roman Catholic Church to the deep humility of the Virgin. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

THE EGG-GATHERER.

(From the German of Agnes Franz.)

"I'LL tell you," said Willibald to his brothers and sister, "to-day we will go into the dark wood, where you have never yet been. Several days ago I ran in, and saw there such beautiful, oh! such beautiful birds as I never saw before in all my life!"

"Yes, and these birds must have eggs!" said Kurt, the younger brother: "that is glorious, because we can get a rich collection for our cabinet!"

"But," interrupted the youngest of the brothers, "would it not be better to leave the poor little birds in peace, and enjoy their beautiful songs?"

"Nonsense!" said Willibald, "what do the birds want with all the eggs? and only think, then we shall have the best collection of all the boys!"

The three brothers set out on the way to the dark wood, and took Lottie, their little sister, with them. It was not far; but the sun shone very hot, and the broad shadows of the trees in the distance urged the children to greater speed.

At length, covered with dust, they reached the wood. How gloriously the cool and fragrant trees waved there! They sought out a beautiful little turf-plat, and stretched themselves wearied in the shade, in order to collect new strength for their wanderings.

"Do you know," said Lottie mysteriously, — "do you know that in this wood a great fairy dwells?"

The brothers laughed incredulously.

"It is true," continued the little maiden, "my grandmother told me so! She must be a splendid, powerful lady! and children should love her very much!"

"What is the name of your splendid fairy, Lottie?" asked Willibald, with loud laughter; "perhaps Karra-bossa or Grunzau, or some such name?"

The child saw that her brother was making sport of her, and she could hardly keep from weeping. "Do be still, Willibald!" said she warningly; "you will make the fairy angry, and bring us all into misfortune."

In the same moment as Lottie said this, a light wind sprang up, and rattled down from the trees under which the children had lain, a great quantity of flowers, white and red.

All were suddenly silenced.

"Ah! that comes from the kind-hearted fairy," cried the maiden joyfully, and picked up a few of the flowers, which covered the earth round about, when she discovered a new wonder. In the grass, under the flowers, were a great quantity of the most delicious strawberries, which bent their sweet heads with purple glitter to the earth. The little company were so joyfully surprised at this discovery that they almost forgot to gather the berries. But their terror subsided, since all around remained quiet; and Willibald first asked, in a low voice, whilst he refreshed himself with the delicious fruits, "What is the name of your good fairy, Lottie?"

"Natura!" whispered the child softly, and cast a searching look upwards to the flower-tree. Suddenly

they heard, just above their heads, a charming song. It was a nightingale, singing so sweetly that it brought tears into little Charlotte's eyes.

"Oh!" said she, and pressed her oldest brother's hand, how glorious and beautiful is every thing which is in the kingdom of the great Natura!"

As they ceased speaking, the song of the nightingale also ceased; but scarcely had its last note died away, when was heard on all sides, from more than a hundred birds' throats, such a rushing song, as if all the birds were greeting the minstrel queen. Then came a rushing through the air, and before the eyes of the children passed a great flock of the most beautiful wood-birds, which, with their variegated plumage, excelled in magnificence every thing that the children had seen.

"Ah, what a wondrous bird!" cried Kurt suddenly: "see, see! there upon the bough!" All eyes turned toward the spot, when they saw a magnificent great bird, which had lighted upon a bough, and had not flown past with the others. His breast was dark blue, and glittered with all colors in the sun's rays. The wings, which were long and beautifully formed, were of the most brilliant scarlet; whilst the proud tail sparkled with all the colors of the rainbow.

"Oh, what a beautiful bird!" said Willibald; "if I could get a single one of his eggs!"

"Be still!" said Kurt, and caught Willibald by the arm: "hark! he is going to sing."

In truth, the bird had opened his bill; but, instead of singing, he uttered a loud, piercing cry, then unfolded his wings, and swept slowly through the trees to a rock near by. Willibald sprang up, and all four of the

children ran in the direction which the beautiful bird had taken. He repeated ever more piercingly his cry, and let himself down at length upon a tree, which hung with strong branches over a rock, where there was a deep cavern, the entrance to which was grown over with wild briars of raspberries and ivy. There upon the tree, the children discovered his great nest.

"Ah!" cried Willibald joyfully, "he has eggs!"

Whilst he said this, he had already thrown away his cap and jacket, and begun to climb up the tree. But the beautiful bird circled around his head with a wild cry of anguish, and, when he saw him very near the beloved nest of his brood, let himself suddenly down upon the highest branch of the tree, and began, to Willibald's great amazement, to speak:—

"Terrible boy! alas! why have you come into this still wood? Why will you rob my nest?"

"Hey! Lord Popinjay," said Willibald boldly, "because I know that you have a great many eggs, and I do not see why you should not let me have at least one of them!"

"Alas, dear boy, let me move you!" shrieked the bird in agony. My little nest is very dear to me! Leave me my young ones, that they may unfold their wings in the beams of the sun. I would hack the venomous head of the circling adder, which crawls up the boughs, in order to destroy my eggs. The martin and the ravenous polecat I would scare away with the beating of my strong wings. Against the superior birds, I would struggle for life or death for my young; but against you, boy, I have no weapons. Be generous, let me entreat you; then I will some day tell my young

this. It comes, especially, when I talk with you on Sunday. God has given me a position of influence over your souls. It is not equal to that of your parents, or even that of your day-school teacher; but still it is a great influence that I am called to exercise. A word of mine may bring some truth to light, which your soul has been vainly striving to find. It may make some teaching of God's word come home to you with power. It may wake some sleeping energy to life and growth. And if I neglect this word, if I let these golden opportunities slip, God will require them at my hand in the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

This is my conviction of my responsibility to you. But are you not accountable for your influence upon me? Surely you are. I dare say you may smile at the thought, but it is no less true. Whenever I ask you a question, and try to look for a moment into your souls, and you, from a fear to express yourselves, or a false shame, do not answer me, you are responsible. How can I talk to you of the deep things of the Spirit, unless I feel that you understand and appreciate what I say? To speak of holy things to one who does not understand them, is indeed to cast pearls before swine. May you never know what it is to speak of religion to a dull, cold heart!

On the other hand, you may do me much good in my efforts to teach you. Even the small matter of attention helps me. It makes me feel that I have your interest and sympathy. But if, when I ask a question, I am answered with an "Oh! I didn't hear," it makes me feel, that, as regards the good I am doing to your soul, I am miserably failing. You do me good by remembering

what I tell you. You make me feel then that my instructions are at least listened to, and give me reason to hope that they will sink into your hearts.

Your responsibility for your influence elsewhere is very great, too great for me to specify in this letter, which I must soon draw to a close. Your influence at home is boundless. Even a child of four years exercises some portion; but as a girl is growing towards womanhood, it is great enough to make her tremble at the sense of her own weakness and inefficiency, and fly to Him who is able to aid "to the uttermost" all those who put their trust in him. You can exert, too, much influence in your day-school. The example of the good is contagious, as well as that of the bad; and your obedience, punctuality, and attention may lead others to be obedient, punctual, and attentive.

I know no thought which will make a young girl more serious, and more fully alive to the importance of life, than this sense of personal responsibility for word and deed. Strive, my dear girls, to keep it in your minds; and when the awakening of the soul, which comes to every true heart, comes to you, this sense will not fall upon you with a crushing weight, as it does upon those who have never realized it.

Truly, my dear girls, your friend and teacher.

ED.

PUZZLES.

ANSWERS to puzzles in the July number, — "Annie Gray's Journal," and "Daniel Webster;" to puzzle in the August number, — "Constantinople;" and to those in the September number, — "Cinnamon," and "Franconi's Hippodrome."

Answer to the conundrum in the August number, — "Because it raises one's collar (choler);" to the charade, — "Humming-bird."

We return our acknowledgments to "Titania" for her kindness. Her enigma shall appear next month if she will send us word who the "*Magician*" is. She omitted that part of the answer; and, though we can *guess*, we should like to be sure that we are right before printing it. Our sincere thanks are also due to M. M. Her article shall appear as soon as we find room.

A CHARADE.

WITHIN the ocean I am found,
 And yet I'm always in the ground;
 Sometimes I rise in a balloon,
 And make my dwelling in the moon.
 I'm with the poor man in his cot;
 Rome could not be if I were not.
 I'm with the monarch on his throne.
 I'm found within the torrid zone.
 I'm with the sailor on the stormy sea.
 You could not live if it were not for me.
 Thus, as you see, though well content to roam,
 Though strange it seems, I never stir from home. A.

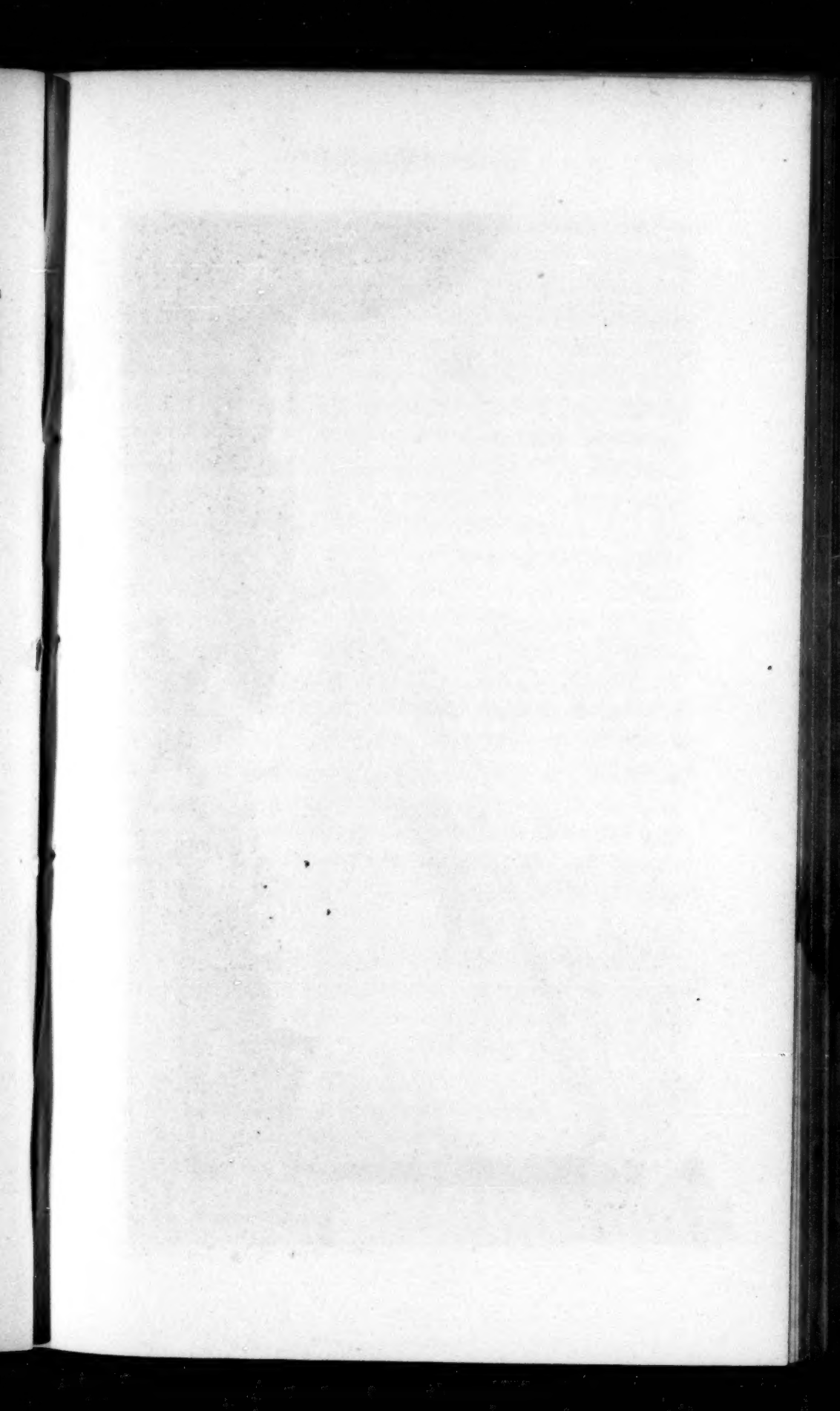
AN ENIGMA.

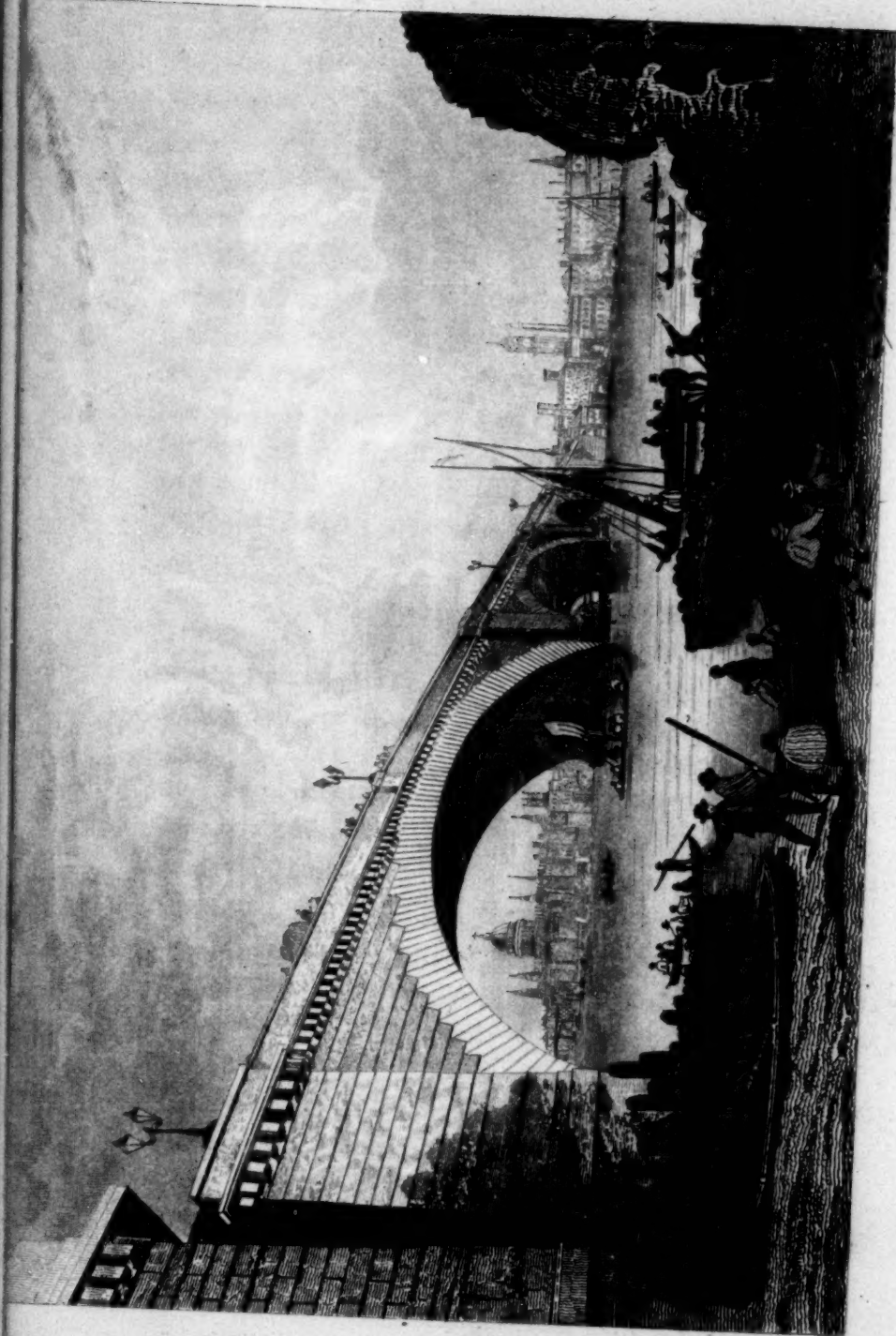
I AM composed of twelve letters.

My 8, 5, 1, is useful in warm weather.
 My 12, 9, 2, 10, is part of a vessel.
 My 4, 6, 3, 2, 1, grows in the fields.
 My 1, 7, 2, 11, is used in building houses.
 My 6, 3, 4, 12, are usually found on beggars.
 My 8, 11, 3, 2, 10, is much used by farmers.
 My whole is a place of great resort.

C. F. W.

Marlboro', Mass.





LONDON BRIDGE.

ONE OF LUCY BROWN'S SCHOOL ADVENTURES.

LUCY BROWN was like her name, nothing uncommon. She was neither handsome nor plain, neither particularly bright nor stupid, neither remarkably amiable nor ill-tempered, rich nor poor. We have chosen to give something of her school-life, precisely because she was so much like the greater portion of school-girls.

At thirteen she was sent to boarding-school, because her parents were going to Europe for health, and she had no relations who could receive her. She had been nearly a term at the school, and had begun to feel interested in her studies, acquainted with the scholars, and quite at home, when she received a letter, in the usual semi-monthly package from her parents, which excited more than common emotion. In a postscript, her mother remarked:—

“I have just had some letters from home, and I am glad to find that the daughters of two of my early school-mates are to enter the establishment at which we have placed you. I have not seen their mothers for many years; but I liked them both at school, though they did not resemble each other at all. You say you have not formed any particular intimacy as yet, and seem to regret it. I hope you will find a friend for after-life in one of these young girls; for a *well-founded* school-girl attachment is a tie which no separation can break. Love them if they deserve it, and win their love if it is worth having: you will be the happier for it all your days.”

Like most girls of merely average capacity, Lucy was imitative. She had not much sentiment in her nature; but she had observed that her companions were in twos and threes, little doublets and triplets of devoted friends, full of mutual admiration, studying together, walking together, confiding to each other mighty secrets, and standing by each other through all terrible wrongs received from teachers or schoolmates. This looked very charming, and Lucy had for some time been conscious of a vague desire for a "crony" of her own; but the desire had been as vain as vague.

With great impatience she awaited the new term and the fresh arrivals. The very names of Julia Clare and Hannah Grice were already familiar to her thought, and the very names had influenced her preference. "Julia Clare! so sweet pretty! Hannah Grice! such an ordinary name!"

The young ladies appeared. One was tall, graceful, and pretty, with a fine complexion, ringlets, and an air of perfect indifference to the gaze of thirty pair of eyes. The other was thin, sallow, sandy-haired, awkward. She was unquestionably plain; and, what was worse to those thirty pair of inspecting eyes, she was dowdy. That is to say, her dress was very simple, though of good material, and there was not an ornament about her person, except a ring containing the hair of her parents; while her companion was in as full dress as good taste could possibly admit for the school-room. "Oh!" thought Lucy, "they are as unlike as their names. I do hope the pretty one is Julia Clare. It must be, I am sure."

It was so. Hannah Grice, after undergoing no very

flattering scrutiny, was allowed by all to be appropriately named; and, as there seemed nothing about her except her person to excite disagreeable comments, she soon sunk into a state of social insignificance; while several competitors for the intimacy of the fair stranger, Julia, started forward at once. Poor Lucy feared she had but a small chance. She had never read that wise injunction of the youthful H. K. White, "Whatever thou mayst do, solicit not friendship;" so she began unconsciously to court the regard of one whom she scarcely knew, and as she had no special gifts of her own to make her attractive, there was no appearance of success for many weeks. Julia Clare seemed, however, to care very little for anybody; and three or four girls began to retreat, and say she was heartless and proud.

Until Julia came, a certain Isabel Redwyn had been the most popular girl in school; and she was really a fine girl in many respects. She had excellent abilities; was studious, amiable, and unassuming. She had not seemed at all disturbed when some of her admirers had crowded around the fair Julia at recess hours; and equally unmoved she remained when they gradually returned to her side. But not so Julia. She began to make little slighting' remarks about the unconscious Isabel, and gave a new tone to the conversation of her circle. For the first time since the school opened, there was a division and a rivalry.

One day, as Julia sat in a state of undignified vexation at losing some premium, which had been borne away by Isabel, Lucy was loudest of the little group in her expressions of sympathy; and so carried away was she by her eagerness in the cause, that she even ventured a hint

that the transaction had not been wholly fair. Julia caught at it eagerly: the other girls were not prepared to go so far; and, in spite of their partiality, they maintained that Isabel Redwyn would do nothing mean. Perhaps Lucy thought so too in her heart; but Julia seemed so gratified with her sympathy that she could not bear to retract, and by repeating her assertion she soon convinced even herself that she believed it, and when the conference broke up, she fancied herself perfectly happy. As they walked away, Julia's arm was locked in hers for the first time, and they were whispering in terms of the greatest familiarity.

From this time, Lucy was decidedly the crony of Julia Clare. She never stopped to inquire what price she was paying for the long-desired felicity, nor of what material her idol seemed composed on close inspection, nor what changes were going on within herself. She was elated with being the confidante of anybody, especially of a girl so attractive; and she secretly rejoiced in knowing that some envied her the intimacy. She began to indulge in satirical remarks against the teachers, and Isabel, and Isabel's friends, and especially the unassuming Hannah Grice, whose plain face and sober ways had become a topic of ridicule to the gay Julia Clare from the time that Isabel Redwyn showed her some attention. She seemed to have wholly forgotten that Hannah had been mentioned by her mother with as much interest as Julia, although she had early taken pains to let Julia know of the intimacy of their mothers. It did not seem to affect Julia at the time as she had hoped; for Lucy had not then appeared in the capacity of a useful ally.

Six months passed away. Very gradually, shadows had stolen over the character of Lucy. She had lost her independence in the first place. She had found that Julia was jealous, and would suffer her to have no companion but herself. Julia was indolent too, and would, with feeble apologies at first, permit the ever-ready Lucy to bring her a book from the school-room, or her forgotten sunshade from her bed-room. Indeed it was so much a matter of course that she should receive these courtesies from her friend, that she not infrequently forgot the careless "Thank you, dear." Then Julia expected no contradiction, and allowed no difference of opinion: on one or two occasions when it occurred, Lucy was amazed at being repelled with frigid looks for nearly a week; and when explanation was graciously vouchsafed at last, she found that she had "hurt the feelings" of her sensitive Julia, and had almost forfeited the intimacy she prided herself upon so extravagantly. And so she imperceptibly had become a mere shadow and echo. She did not understand that this is never a condition of true friendship; that real friends can differ, and argue, and love on.

L. J. H.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts;

Of friends, however humble, spurn not one;

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

Wordsworth.

THE OTTER.

THERE are several species of the otter; but they are all very long-bodied, short-legged quadrupeds, living in holes along the banks of lakes and rivers, and on the borders of the sea. They are great swimmers, and feed on fish, which they catch with dexterity. They have fine fur, and a very flattened tail. The body is usually about two feet long, and the tail about one foot and a half. They live in temperate climates, and even in the cold regions of the north.

The otter is very voracious, and will sometimes attack a pike twice as large as himself. On such occasions, a struggle often ensues, in which it is a question whether the fish shall eat the otter, or the otter the fish. The former, however, is much the more active, and usually triumphs over his competitor.

A good many stories are told of the danger of the otter's bite. In some parts of Europe, there are many superstitions respecting this animal; the people believing that he often performs most wicked and wonderful feats. I incline to the opinion, however, that he is a very good-hearted, frolicsome fellow, if people will let him alone. Travellers in the remote countries of the north have often found them romping and playing on the steep banks of lakes and rivers, with all the gayety of a troop of school-boys. Sliding down hill is their favorite sport. This is done by going down the steep, moist banks, plump into the water. They have no steps, but perform the operation upon their bellies. It is said that a dozen of these creatures may sometimes be seen engaged in this sport,

running and chasing after one another, like a set of real madcaps.

The otter is chiefly hunted for his fur. This is so thick and fine that it excludes the water like the feathers on the breast of a duck. The most remarkable species of otter is the common otter of Europe, which is sometimes tamed and rendered perfectly harmless. When attacked by the huntsmen, it sometimes attacks in return, and has been known to kill a man by its bite. It will often break the fore-legs of a dog in the struggle.

The common American otter resembles the European, which I have just described. The sea-otter is three feet and a half long, and its fur is among the finest that is known. It is accordingly very much hunted. It is found on the north-west coast of America, and on the opposite shores of Kamschatka.

In South America, there is a species of otter which greatly resembles that of our country. It is frequently tamed, and will play with the cats and dogs, though it will sometimes give them a harder bite than is considered fair in matter of mere sport.

A GOOD RULE.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance, an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

Selected.

A DAY IN MONTREAL.

OUR first view of Montreal was very beautiful. The day of our passage down the St. Lawrence had been rainy; but, as we drew near Montreal, the rain ceased, and the western sky was clear and bright. The dark hills stood out in relief against it, and in front was the city of Montreal. The cathedral was the most prominent object, with its two tall, elegant towers, and tinned roof. The market-house, also a fine building, was, next to the cathedral, the most conspicuous from the river.

The economy necessary in our use of time obliged us to go directly in the night-boat to Quebec, and return to Montreal the next night. We had become so accustomed to the motion of the boats, from having passed two days and three nights in succession on board, that we were glad to retire immediately after breakfasting at the principal hotel, to sleep off the dizziness which assailed us whenever we attempted to walk on land.

After two hours' rest, our carriages were summoned, and we drove to see the review. We only succeeded in seeing the end of it, as the officers, on account of the heat of the weather, did not require a long parade. Hot and uncomfortable enough the poor soldiers looked, in their scarlet coats and heavy caps.

From thence, we went into the Gray Nunnery, to see the nuns come into the chapel for their regular noon service. As we went in, we heard the chanting of the nuns, coming along one of the entries of the building; and we were hardly seated in the little chapel, when they

entered, two by two, chanting their monotonous hymn. When the foremost reached the altar, they all kneeled, so that the aisle was filled with them. Their recitation, or chant, whichever it was called, was in French, and extremely monotonous, so that only a few words could be distinguished here and there among the unvaried tones of voice. Sometimes they all spoke together, and sometimes one after another took the word.

A pedestal, supporting a vase which contained holy water, stood in the aisle; and, as the nuns rose, they went out on the left side of the vase, and the nun nearest it, as each couple passed, dipped her fingers in the water, and touched those of her companion, when both crossed themselves. A more careworn, hard-featured company we never beheld. The youngest among them looked at least sixty years old. Their faces resembled old parchment, and their features were pinched and thin. They wore white muslin caps, with immense ruffles hanging over their faces; tow-colored dresses, coarser than any material we had ever seen; blue aprons; and a blue or white handkerchief pinned round the neck. Each wore a string of beads, with a cross about four inches long suspended from it.

When they had gone out, we examined the paintings in the chapel, some of which were beautiful. Then we went over the convent. At every door, and every few feet throughout the entries, are boxes, of wood or earthenware, with a figure of the cross over them, and placed to receive money. On the lower floor was the hospital, containing many sick and infirm people. We ascended one flight of stairs, and came to the school-room. This had no desks; and the seats for the scholars were those

old-fashioned high-backed chairs, with flag bottoms, which are often found in kitchens in the country. Another flight brought us to the nursery. Here were about twenty children, some of whom could but just walk, all amusing themselves as well as they could, without any toys. Their beds were little boxes, ranged in rows on each side of the room, and each just big enough to contain one child, provided it slept quietly. A passage-way, just wide enough to contain one person, separated these beds. We saw also the sleeping apartments of the older children. Their beds had curtains, made of a coarse blue cotton material, of which their quilts, and the dresses of all the children, both large and small, were composed. Scattered round on the walls, in various places, were mottoes in French. Some of these were texts from the Bible; and one said, "We pray to God daily for the souls of the benefactors of this convent."

From the convent, we proceeded to the cathedral. This pleased us more than the Cathedral of Quebec. It did not abound in gilding, as that did; and the wood-work was adorned with some beautiful carving. In the chancel hung some fine pictures, and others of less merit were disposed around the church. At the sides were boxes for confessions; and at the head of the centre aisle stood a sort of sofa, or rather three chairs joined together. Each had a Gothic back, and that in the middle was more elevated than those on each side. In front was a narrow reading-desk, perhaps a foot wide, which, together with the chairs, was covered with a remarkably gay, red and yellow damask. We learned, on inquiry, that those three children who recited their catechism most perfectly were honored with seats here, in sight of

the whole congregation, during service. It seemed to us that we should be more abashed than gratified at such an honor.

We drove from the Cathedral to the house of the Sisters of Charity. We found this a much more inviting place, as far as appearances were concerned, than the convent. The school-room contained about twenty scholars, who were sewing; but the Sister who conducted us told us that the school generally numbered about seventy, but that most of them had gone home, as it was vacation. In one corner sat two or three children, too young to be taught, even to sit still, the Sister told us. Around the walls of the school-room, we saw again mottoes in French, "Pay attention to your duties," &c. Here, as in the convent, we saw the sleeping apartments; but every thing was much neater, though the arrangements were essentially the same. The tiny chapel was a very beautiful place.

The public buildings in Montreal need more than the glance we gave them. The exteriors of some of the churches were beautiful. A Scotch church and St. Peter's church particularly attracted our attention. A new court-house, which is in progress, is one of the finest buildings in the city, and remarkably handsome. Some of the grandest buildings were destroyed by the great fire which occurred two or three years ago. The façade of the bishop's palace is still standing among the ruins, and, with its beautiful gateway and noble Corinthian columns, exceeded in architecture every thing to be seen in our vicinity. Montreal pleased us much more than Quebec. The railroad has carried some New-England enterprise to it; and all over the burnt district, which occupies a large extent, new houses are rising.

We drove round the mountain about sun-down. This is a very pretty drive, and much boasted of by the citizens. It is, in fact, almost their only one; but there are at least a dozen quite as pretty within ten miles of Boston. The absence of trees, until you come quite to the mountain, is a serious defect in the landscape. Had it not been for the great heat, we should have much enjoyed another day in Montreal, and could have found much still to see and admire; but we were not sorry to take the cars the next morning for Boston. ED.

THE EGG-GATHERER.

(From the German of Agnes Franz.)

(Concluded from page 140.)

VANISHED in a moment all the glory of the wood. Dark, gloomy night gathered around Willibald. A raging storm tore the summits of the trees, whose dismal roaring and cracking reminded the trembling boy that he was still on his dangerous stand-point. Red and yellow lightning flashed through the howling air, and the rolling thunder was terribly repeated by the echo of the rocks.

Willibald suddenly felt with terror that he was hurled from the tree, and sank in a deep swoon. Thus he remained lying a long time motionless. When his consciousness returned, he was surprised by the great glory of countless diamonds, which covered the walls of a monstrous cavern. Dazzled by the brilliancy, he closed his eyes; and, when he ventured once more to open them, he saw before him the great, majestic form of a woman,

who looked on him with earnest, almost mournful glance, and beckoned him to follow her. Willibald was seized with an indescribable anguish.

"This must be the great fairy, Natura!" said he to himself. "She will fearfully revenge my crime, in destroying the peace of her woods!"

The fairy led him through long, subterranean passages, which were so entangled that no man could find his way out again. At length, she stopped before a closed door, and beckoned Willibald to come nearer.

"Unhappy boy," said she earnestly, "why have you pressed so madly into my kingdom? What have my birds, all of whom I love as children, done to you that you should rob them and desolate their nests? Why did it not satisfy you to listen to their gentle songs, which they pour forth so lavishly, and in such glorious tones? Why would you rob them of what was dearest, their children?"

Willibald, perplexed and weeping, cast down his eyes; for the words, and still more the deep, searching glance of the lofty Natura, pressed deep into his innermost soul.

"Unhappy child," continued the fairy, "know that you must die! You have committed a crime for which only your life can atone; for the agony of the mother whom you have robbed of her young is infinitely deeper than death."

With these words, by a gentle blow of her wand, the door sprung open, and revealed a clear grotto, illumined by a single carbuncle. This carbuncle hung down from the roof, and beamed with an indescribably beautiful, dark-red glitter. Against the walls, there stood, upon

emerald pedestals, a crowd of alabaster statues of children, so naturally formed that they seemed like life.

Suddenly Willibald perceived, upon a silken couch in the midst of the chamber, his sister and brothers, lying in peaceful slumber. Full of joy, he started forward to embrace them; but the fairy laid her wand betwixt him and them, and said authoritatively, —

“Willibald, you have disregarded the entreaties of the bird, and attempted to rob him of his eggs, in order to place them in your cabinet. Lo, I also have a cabinet. I change into alabaster statues those children who venture uncalled into my kingdom, and, in defiance of repeated warnings, injure the game and the birds. See, here is a crowd of them!”

At the same time, the fairy seized the trembling Willibald by the hand, and led him up to the beautiful stone children, who, by the red glimmer of the carbuncle, appeared to be alive.

“Only one thing can save you!” said the lofty woman again. “Give up to me one of your brothers or your sister, instead of yourself, to be changed into stone.”

Then Willibald trembled still more violently; for he loved his brothers and sister with all his heart.

“Alas!” cried he, sinking on his knee, “most mighty Natura! take me, take my life, if it must be so! Change me into stone, but let these little ones live! They have committed no sin, to draw down your anger: I only am guilty!”

The fairy remained grave and silent; but Willibald begged more and more entreatingly. Then said Natura, “Take my wand! touch yourself or one of your brothers

or sister, that the child upon whom the choice rests may be changed into stone ! ”

Then Willibald joyfully seized the wand, bent softly over the dear ones, and imprinted a heartfelt kiss upon their slumber-closed lips ; upon each there fell also a farewell tear. Then he arose, looked resolutely at the fairy, and touched his own head with the wand.

Suddenly poured forth a celestial melody. The carbuncle flashed up clear with a magical gleam ; higher and ever higher flamed its lightning red, and the fairy stood in the flame sea, transfigured as a shining seraph. And then the light was suddenly extinguished : the cavern, the carbuncle, and the alabaster children, had vanished.

Willibald started up bewildered : he had dreamed. Over him bowed the blooming stalks of the soft grass in which he lay ; melodiously whispered the tops of the mighty trees above his head ; and high over all arched the clear, dark-blue evening heaven. Around him lay, in gentle slumber, the brothers and sister ; and each had filled his little apron and basket full of fragrant woodberries, glittering stones, and variegated feathers which the birds had lost,

Then Willibald sang, from a joyful heart, a song of praise to the great Creator, who had preserved him and the little brothers and sister.

Shyly he glanced toward the rock, where the tree with the nest had stood ; but both this and the cavern were nowhere to be seen.

Quickly now he waked the little ones, and they all walked peacefully home in the twilight.

Willibald never again took a nest ; and the little birds

sang henceforth, undisturbed by him, in the great, free wood, and rejoiced his listening ear ever more and more the older he grew. Everywhere the image of the holy Natura floated around his soul; and the thought that the great band of love binds all beings in the universe made him loving and good, so that he never more dared to injure the smallest creature.

E. J. D.

NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

NAPLES presents a great many attractions to the stranger. Its situation is one of almost unparalleled beauty. It is built to a considerable extent, on a hill, which overlooks the Bay of Naples with the pretty islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, and, away in the background, the blue Mediterranean. Nor are these all the elements which enter into the charming landscape, spread out before you. As you take your stand on the summit of the hill, near the Castle of St. Ermo, you can see the fine little villages of Resina, Torre del Greco, Sorrento, and Torre del Annunciata. Mount Vesuvius, too, continually emitting clouds of smoke, is in full view. That old giant forms a part of almost every landscape which one can take in Naples. I could hardly help frequently wishing, while here, especially in the night-time, that the volcano would give me a chance to see such an exhibition of fire-works as he is accustomed to provide once in a while. At present, he is by no means in an excitable state, and seldom gives vent to any thing more formidable than smoke. He is one of the most inveterate smokers I know of.

I think beggars are more plenty in Naples than any other Italian city I visited. That's saying a good deal, I am quite well aware, and possibly it is saying a little too much. It may be that Rome will consider herself entitled to the palm in this respect. If so, rather than be at the expense of having the census of the *lazzaroni* population taken in the two cities, so as to be enabled to decide the case accurately, I would yield so far as to acknowledge that there were six beggars in one city to every half-dozen in the other. Many of the *lazzaroni* of Naples, I am sorry to say, do not scruple to steal a little, now and then, if they do not get a competent support by begging. One day I took a long promenade in the city, and visited portions of it where I never had been before. I was soon lost, but I did not care for that. I wandered on, intent only on seeing what sights of interest there were to be seen; well knowing, that, when I wished to find my way out of that labyrinth of short, narrow, dirty lanes, I could easily do so by means of one of the cabs which abound in every part of the city. Well, I saw quite strange sights, though I had to pay for them rather more dearly than I anticipated. Several beggars, that looked as if they might have been cannibals (though there is an old and I suppose a good adage that "you should never hang a man for his looks"), accosted me at different times; and one or two of them, I recollected afterwards, approached pretty near me before I could get out of their way. I had in my coat pocket, when I went into that district, a new silk handkerchief, one which I had purchased in Europe, and which, consequently, I valued very highly. But when, after emerging from that district, I felt for the handkerchief, behold it was

gone! Some beggar had filched it from my pocket. My loss, I suppose, may be regarded as an illustration of the fact that all valuable knowledge is more or less expensive.

A curious set of people are the *maccaroni-eaters*. "But does not everybody eat maccaroni in Southern Italy?" you ask. Yes, almost everybody. "Then why do you call a particular class of people maccaroni-eaters? why not call them all so?" I will tell you. There are certain people, of both sexes — generally men rather than women, though — who eat maccaroni for the amusement of spectators. You will find them at every corner, almost; and if you wish to see an exhibition of their inimitable skill, you pay a *grano* or two (not more than a couple of cents generally) for a dish of maccaroni; the *professor* takes it, and in an almost incredibly brief space of time, it disappears. Your maccaroni-eater is very primitive in his habits. With him, such a thing as a knife, fork, or spoon, is quite superfluous. "But did you pay for such an exhibition as this?" Candor compels me to reply that I did. I confess to having invested the sum of two cents in maccaroni, which a half-starved fellow ate, in his best style, for my edification and his own. If you will promise not to laugh at me for the investment aforesaid, I will give you a portrait of this maccaroni-eater, in the very act of performing the feat.

A little distance out of the city, about fifteen minutes' walk from my hotel, is the tomb of Virgil, or, at any rate, the spot which is pointed out as such. Some visitors think there is not sufficient evidence that this is the tomb of the celebrated poet. But it is always

pleasanter to me to believe these traditions than to disbelieve them; and, when I possibly can, I give them a place in my creed. I see reason to discredit the notion, so generally believed among the Neapolitans, that Virgil was actually interred here. At all events, I visited the spot with the same interest as if the thing were indubitably settled among the critics. The sun had just set, when I applied to the woman who has the custody of the vault, for permission to enter it; and an unclouded moon was shining sweetly upon the calm waters of the bay, near the shore of which the tomb is situated. For a *carlino*, a small silver coin, the woman gladly conducted me through the gate leading from the street, and there she left me to shift for myself. A group of boys, each one of whom was unnecessarily clamorous to be my especial cicerone on the occasion, and all of whom, save one I tried in vain to dismiss, showed me up a winding path, to the brow of a rocky hill, and led me thence into a grotto in which tradition says the far-famed Roman poet was buried. By the light of a torch my conductors had provided, I saw enough to satisfy me that the tomb was in a most deplorable state. There was a slab in it, bearing, it is true, unmistakable evidence of great antiquity, on which was an inscription importing that this was the veritable resting-place of the poet. There was another slab, too, of more recent origin, telling the whole story. But the grotto was filthy, and uninviting to the last degree. I plucked a wild flower or two which bloomed near the entrance, and departed with my whole juvenile escort at my heels, each crying lustily for a grano.

A little beyond the spot, known as Virgil's tomb, is a

famous tunnel cut through a solid rock. It is called *la grotto di Pausilippo*. I cannot tell you when this great work was executed; but it was probably before the time of the Romans. The object of it was to facilitate the travel between Naples and the beautiful villages near it in that direction. This cavern is from eighty to ninety feet high, about thirty feet wide, and upwards of nine hundred yards long. A great many people, in carriages and on foot, are constantly passing through the grotto. There is a fine echo in the middle of it. In the centre there is a chapel of the Virgin Mary, at which I observed many people on foot stopped to pay their devotions.

A pleasant drive of less than an hour brings us to Pozzuoli, called Puteoli at the beginning of the Christian era. This place is celebrated on several accounts. There was a splendid temple here dedicated to Jupiter Serapis. The ruins of this edifice are among the most interesting in Southern Italy. The temple was built when Rome was about six hundred years old, but it was by no means old before it was ruined by an earthquake. It remained for centuries buried beneath a mass of rubbish; a soil had accumulated above it, and its site had become lost, until, in 1750, a peasant by accident discovered the top of one of the columns a few inches above the ground, when the entire ruins were exhumed. Every thing of value, connected with this magnificent temple, has been removed, to grace more modern edifices, except the columns. These remain, for a very obvious reason. They are too heavy to be carried off. They are formed of a single block of marble, and are among the most splendid specimens of the kind I ever saw. The pavement of the temple is of beautiful marble. Near the middle of the temple are

two rings of brass, to which, in the olden time, were fastened the victims intended for slaughter. The receptacles for their blood and ashes are still in a good state of preservation. So are the bathing-rooms of the priests, where probably the sick came to avail themselves of consecrated water, the virtues of which were so much vaunted by the priesthood.

On an elevation above the present village is a large amphitheatre. It has been a great deal damaged by earthquakes. But, for all that, there is no old theatre which I saw, south of Rome, in so perfect a state as this. Everybody who visits Naples ought to see this edifice. Here you can learn more in ten minutes about the construction of these celebrated places of amusement among the old Romans, than you could by studying plans of such edifices for long hours. This amphitheatre was capable of holding forty-five thousand people. Here, to crowds of admiring men and women, were exhibited those barbarous spectacles, the very thought of which now causes the blood to chill in our veins. On that spot yonder, in the centre of the arena, strong men, without the slightest provocation, contended with each other. There they fought, encouraged by the multitude, until one or the other fell, perhaps to rise no more. Then rose the shouts of the spectators, peal on peal, drowning the groans of the dying man. Then the victor was crowned with the utmost pomp and ceremony.

"Do you see that dark, narrow passage yonder?" asked our guide, "leading from the arena into the street?" We nodded assent. "Through that passage," said the old man, "were dragged the bodies of the dying gladiators." The sight made my heart sick; for well

I remembered the testimony of history in respect to the fate of those who were unsuccessful in the arena. Their bodies were treated in the most shameful and inhuman manner. Among the ancient Roman amusements, was that of fighting wild beasts, singlehanded, in the theatre. When one of these beasts fell, its body was dragged out, with hooks, through this dark passage. The bodies of the gladiators shared the same fate!

Pozzuoli is interesting, too, on another account. It was here, when the place was called Puteoli, that Paul landed, after a long and dangerous voyage on the Mediterranean. It was here that he found brethren, with whom he remained a week; and from this town he departed for Rome. There was a fine road, at that time, all the way from Puteoli to the great metropolis of the Roman empire; and so there is at this very day. The same road, with very little variation, over which Paul travelled, is the one by which I proceeded from Rome to Naples.

They tell us, too, that it was at Puteoli that the embassy from Carthage landed, on their way to Rome, to sue for peace at the termination of the Punic war.

Have you ever heard of the *Campo Santo* at Naples? This is a remarkable cemetery, situated a little more than a half-hour's drive from the heart of the city. It is remarkable in more than one respect. In the first place, it is quite as beautiful as any I saw in Europe, not excepting the celebrated *Père la Chaise*, near Paris. Some of the monuments here are very costly and magnificent. Multitudes of flowers bloom in every part of the enclosure. The choicest trees and shrubbery abound there. It would seem, indeed, that the Neapolitans

have spared no pains in providing here every thing which can contribute to render a cemetery attractive. There is one peculiarity which distinguishes all cemeteries in Roman Catholic countries from those which are found among Protestants. Romanists, you are aware, believe in the existence of such a state as *Purgatory*, that is, an unhappy state, into which the souls of mankind pass, immediately after leaving the body, and from which they are eventually delivered, only through the agency of the prayers of the living. The effects of this unscriptural doctrine are apparent everywhere in Italy, and in no place more strikingly than in cemeteries. Sometimes there is a large cross elevated in front of the tomb. Even the tombs themselves are often fitted up as altars; and the friends of the dead who slumber there resort to these altars, to pray for the repose of the souls of these departed ones. In the *Campo Santo* at Naples, many of the tombs are built in the form of chapels. In almost, perhaps I may say all of them, you will see either an image of the virgin, or a cross, and frequently both. Nothing is more common than to see a parent, a husband, a wife, a brother, a sister, kneeling in or before one of these shrines, calling upon the Saviour, or the holy virgin — for they oftener pray to the mother of our Lord than to our Lord himself — to have mercy upon the soul who has recently departed. They frequently visit the graves of their friends by night, and spend an hour in prayer there.

Such a scene as this is would affect you much. I was sometimes touched to tears by it, though, as I need not tell you, the Bible gives us no authority to pray for the dead, and, on the contrary, explicitly informs us that

the condition of the soul passing from this to the eternal world is fixed unalterably at death.

But this *Campo Santo* is remarkable on another account. There are in it three hundred and sixty-six large pits, corresponding to the number of days in a year, making allowance for leap-year. In these pits the bodies of the poor, whose friends are not able to bear the expense of a funeral — for a funeral costs a great deal of money in Italy — are thrown, without the least ceremony or shade of respect. Every day in the year, a new pit is opened. The oldest, or the one in which bodies were interred just a year before, is always selected for the day. A cart, loaded with the bodies of the poor, is driven to this pit; and the bodies, often almost entirely naked, are thrown into it, and sprinkled with fresh lime. In this way, a great many bodies, mostly those of persons who die in prisons and hospitals, are buried every day in the year. May it be long before such a barbarous custom finds its way across the ocean, to my own dear native land! — *Selected.*

PANTHERS AND LEOPARDS.

It is related of a female leopard, now or lately kept in the Tower of London, that she has a particular fancy for destroying parasols, umbrellas, muffs, hats, &c. whenever she can reach them, seizing and rending them to pieces in a moment. In the course of five years, she ruined hundreds of such articles, before the owners suspected her intention.

The Jaguar, or American panther, is fond of fish. It attracts them to the surface of the water, by scattering

its spittle as bait, and then knocks them out on dry land with its paw. Almost all these animals can be tamed, if taken young, but are treacherous, and often unexpectedly exhibit their natural ferocity.

Panthers are especially cunning and playful. A tame panther, which was kept at a trading post on the western coast of Africa, was so docile that its care was entrusted to a small boy. One day, finding its little keeper sitting on a step fast asleep, it lifted its paw and knocked the boy down, and then stood wagging its tail, as if enjoying the mischief it had done. On one occasion, as an old woman was sweeping with a short broom, which brought her nearly down on all fours, the panther, who was hidden near, suddenly jumped upon her back, where he stood in triumph. The poor old woman screamed in terror; the other servants ran away; and the panther highly enjoyed the commotion he had created, until the master came and released the terrified sweeper. Any woman might be excused, we think, for screaming in such a case.

Another panther, the pet of his master, was strongly suspected of stealing poultry. The master chained him up, and the poultry still disappeared. This fact the master regarded as proof of the innocence of his pet; but one day, thinking he saw a glimpse of feathers in the panther's house, he was led to watch. He saw the cunning creature place bits of bread, potato, and other bait about his door, and then retire into his kennel. The fowls came, attracted by this bait; and the panther managed to secure three of them, which he took into the kennel and devoured. The tiger, when tamed, or partially tamed, has been known to perform the same feat.

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

"LOUISA! LOTTIE! it is half past five o'clock, and a glorious morning! Do not waste any more of it in bed," called Mrs. Darwin to her two nieces. Louisa sprang up immediately, with her eyes shut, as Charlotte declared, and ran to the bathing-room, whence she presently returned, without the slightest symptom of sleepiness.

"Why, Lottie! you have actually turned over for another nap! Come! you will not be ready for prayers."

"Oh! I *must* have a little more sleep—just two minutes."

Louisa waited till her hair was nicely arranged, and she was ready to put on her dress. "Come, Lottie! You must not sleep any more now. I am all ready but my dress, and aunt Darwin does not like to wait."

Charlotte rolled out of bed, with a yawn, while Louisa stripped off the bed-clothes, and placed them on a chair near the open window. "What! not going to bathe, Charlotte! Oh! you don't know how nicely it will wake you up!"

"I can't now. I have put on my stockings. Besides it is too much trouble."

When the two girls came into the parlor for prayers, Lottie was as wide awake as Louisa, and chatted all breakfast-time a great deal faster than her cousin; so that her uncle said, "I always thought Lou. was a chatter-box; but I begin to think now, Lottie, that I never knew the meaning of the word."

After breakfast, their aunt said to Louisa, "You can sweep and dust the parlor, my dear, and I will keep

Lottie to help me." Louisa was off in a moment; and Mrs. Darwin, turning to Lottie, said, "Now you shall help me wash the breakfast dishes. You always helped your mother at home, did you not?"

Charlotte looked rather scornful, and replied that her "mamma never washed the dishes herself. She always thought that was a part of the servants' work."

"Then, if you have never learned, I shall have the pleasure of teaching you. I have taught Louisa, and she always likes to help me in my house-work. Every girl should know how to work, and I shall take pains to superintend that part of your education."

Charlotte looked rather sulky, but she did not like to refuse, and was soon, slowly and awkwardly, engaged in wiping cups and plates. Her aunt had the needful patience; and though Louisa would have done the same work in less than half the time, she did not hurry Lottie, though she did try to make her less awkward about it. Charlotte gave a sigh of relief, when she hung up the towels, as her aunt had directed; and was running off, when her aunt called her.

"Ah! you're in haste, my love; but your morning's work is not finished. Please take the crumb-cloth into the kitchen for me, and fold up the table-cloths, while I sweep the room."

Lottie turned back with a most forlorn expression, and let half the crumbs fall from the cloth in her passage to the kitchen; and then she was so long in folding the cloths, that her aunt had swept the room before she returned.

"Here is a duster, Lottie, and dusting is very easy work. It only requires a little care. Wipe every particle

off the chairs, and go over every part thoroughly. I am going now into the kitchen to give some directions."

When Mrs. Darwin came back at the end of about ten minutes, Charlotte was still dusting the chairs; while Louisa, who had finished her work in the parlor, was assisting her.

"Come, Lottie. Our bed is nicely aired by this time. Let us go up and make it," said Louisa, when the finishing touch had been put to the dining-room.

"Do we have to make the beds too? I never knew any thing so mean. Why does not Aunt Darwin keep servants enough to do her work, without making us do it? For my part, I am so tired now I can scarcely stand."

Louisa smiled at the idea of her cousin's being tired with so little exertion; but she replied to her question: "Uncle Darwin was very rich once, but he lost a great deal of his money. He could keep another servant still, if aunt pleased; but she prefers to work a little herself, and give to the poor the money which she would have to pay a servant. Oh! the mattress must be taken off, Lottie, and the feather-bed shaken. It would be as hard as a board, if it was not. I told aunt one day that I saw no use in shaking it up, and she let me put on the bed-clothes without; but oh! how hard the bed was that night. I was obliged to own that there was some use in it."

Lottie did little else than look on in astonishment, while Louisa's active arms left not a feather undisturbed. She did assist Louisa in lifting back the mattress, and spreading the clothes, but with a very bad grace.

"There! it is only just eight o'clock now, and I've half an hour to weed in my garden," cried Louisa as the clock struck: "come and see my garden, Lottie;" and she

produced an old hat from a nail, and a large apron from a drawer, and away she went, followed by Lottie, who roamed round the garden while her cousin busily employed herself in her own little plot of ground. Mrs. Darwin's next neighbor, a highly intelligent lady, instructed her own children, and Louisa and Lottie were invited by her to join them; and at half past eight they left the garden, and made ready to go into Mrs. Pierce's house.

Louisa Gordon was an orphan. She had lived with her aunt two years. She was the child of her only brother, who had died when she was quite young. At the death of Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Darwin, having no children of her own, thankfully took charge of her brother's only child. Louisa had been very much petted and spoiled by her mother; but, under her aunt's judicious training, she soon overcame all the faults that over-indulgence had fostered, and was, at eleven years old, a useful, intelligent, and improving child.

Lottie was the child of Mrs. Darwin's sister. She was the only girl, and the youngest child in a family of six, and had been waited upon and indulged till she seemed to think every one must yield to her wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Hillman had embarked, a few days before our story commences, for the East Indies; and unwilling on many accounts to take Charlotte with them, and fully convinced that she would be faithfully cared for by her aunt, they confided their darling to her care.

For a day or two, Mrs. Darwin had required nothing of her, and let her indulge her grief at the departure of her parents; but believing that occupation is a great source of happiness, as well as necessary, she began, as

we have seen, to instruct her in the performance of household duties.

"Oh! I am so glad," cried Louisa, as they went to bed that night, to-morrow is Saturday."

"And what happens then, Loulie?"

"Oh! we don't go to school, and it is aunty's baking day, and we go into the kitchen, and make cake and pies; and aunty promised me, I should make some cake all alone to-morrow."

"I should think that aunt meant to educate you to go out to service, Louisa. Make cake! why, I do not know what any girl at Mrs. Chandler's school would have said to such a thing."

"Probably any one would have said as I do, and as you will do if you try it, that never any cake tastes so good as that which you make yourself."

"I shall write to mother, and ask her if she wishes me to learn all these things."

"But it will be so long before you will receive an answer to the letter, that you will have learned. Why, I did not know any thing when I came here, and now aunty says I am really of some consequence to her."

The next day was a fresh trial to Lottie. In addition to wiping cups, dusting furniture, and making beds, her aunt taught her to roll out dough and cut it into cakes. Louisa, meanwhile, made the promised cake, and had the satisfaction of seeing it come out of the oven light and good.

A year passed quietly over the heads of our two heroines, making but little difference in their characters and tastes. Louisa had, for a child of her age, acquired a good and valuable knowledge of housekeeping. Lottie

still disliked, as much as ever, every work connected with domestic life. She had been taught to make bread when Louisa was; but Louisa's bread was always light, Charlotte's seldom. Mrs. Darwin always felt sure that her parlor would be scrupulously neat, when it was Louisa's turn to arrange it; but, when this portion of the work fell to Charlotte, Mrs. Darwin was always forced to oversee it, lest shreds on the carpet or dust on the furniture should offend her eyes, or those of her friends.

Mrs. Darwin woke one morning with a violent pain in her head, so violent that she was unable to rise. As soon as prayers were over, her nieces ran up stairs to see her. She smiled when she saw them, and said, "You will have to do my work in addition to your own to-day, girls." Louisa gladly promised to do all she could. Charlotte said nothing; and, when breakfast was over, she did only her usual share of domestic duties.

This day had been appointed for Louisa to make a visit of a week to Mr. Darwin's niece, in a town some ten miles distant; and Charlotte was to go for a visit of the same length after Louisa's return. Notwithstanding Mrs. Darwin's illness, she insisted that Louisa should go. Louisa remonstrated. "You know, dear aunt, that Charlotte does not like house-work."

"I know she does not like it; but I think it will be good for her to have the responsibility. You know I am subject to such fits of sickness, and I am quite sure I shall not need you at home." Louisa was at last obliged to go and pack her box, and make ready for her departure.

When Louisa had gone, Charlotte felt relieved. She never felt it quite right to allow Louisa to take more

than her share of the household duties, and she knew that Louisa would do whatever she left undone; but, now that she had gone, she thought she could do what she pleased, and neglect the rest. And so in truth she did. She came into her aunt's room as seldom as possible, so that she might not be asked to perform any little service for her; and the work she did was hurried over in such a manner that it might almost as well not have been done at all.

When her aunt called her, to ask for a glass of ice-water, she ran up and down so noisily that Mrs. Darwin wished she had not asked for it. When she requested Charlotte to exclude the light, the blinds were slammed with force; and, in short, every thing was done in a hurry, so as to get through the disagreeable necessity of having to do it at all.

Charlotte was not a bad-hearted girl. She had very many aimable qualities, and would have been very much distressed had she known that her noisy, awkward way of complying with her aunt's requests annoyed and disturbed the invalid. We pass over her various experiences in preparing food for her aunt, just mentioning that Mrs. Darwin found her gruel thick and in lumps, her arrow-root smoked, and her toast burned to a cinder.

Louisa could not be persuaded to stay with her kind friends longer than the stipulated time; and, notwithstanding a pleasant party was to be given that evening, she returned home. She found Charlotte entirely ready to go, and waiting for her arrival; and, taking a hurried leave of her aunt, she went off in the same carryall that brought Louisa back.

"Why, auntie, you are not in the least better," said

Louisa, kissing her. "What have you been doing all this time? I expected to find you quite well when I came home." Louisa took off her bonnet, and, in five minutes' time, the room, which had had a comfortless look, was cheerful and pleasant. When she went into the parlor to get the newspaper to read to her aunt, she found the dust so thick that she could have written her name upon the mahogany furniture; and her first care was to remove this. Mrs. Darwin's gruel was eatable that night, — so was her toast the next morning; and, when she said, "I shall get well now, it is such a comfort to have you here, Louisa, because you know how to do what is necessary," Louisa answered, —

"It is no merit in me to know how, auntie; for I like to work, and poor Lottie does not."

We shall next see our heroines after twenty years have passed over their heads, and endeavor to give our readers some idea of their respective homes. ED.

(To be concluded.)

THE MOLE.

THE Mole's a creature very smooth and slick;
She digs in dirt, but 'twill not on her stick:
So's he who counts this world his greatest gains,
Yet nothing gets but labor for his pains.
Earth's the mole's element; she can't abide
To be above ground, dirt heaps are her pride.
And he is like her, who the worldling plays, —
He imitates her in her works and ways.

Poor, silly mole! that thou shouldst love to be
Where thou nor sun, nor moon, nor stars canst see.
But, oh! how silly's he who doth not care,
So he gets earth, to save of heaven a share!

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THE story of the Wandering Jew, who was condemned by our Lord to remain on the earth till the second coming of Christ, is of great antiquity. I have been unable to ascertain when it was first set afloat; but it is certain that it was current as early as the twelfth century. In the year 1228, as we learn from Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, there came an Armenian bishop into England to visit the old shrines preserved in the churches. While this prelate was entertained at the monastery of St. Alban's, he was asked a great many questions respecting his country. Among these questions was one by a monk respecting the Wandering Jew. The archbishop answered that he had not only heard of him in his country, but had actually seen him and conversed with him. One of the attendants of the archbishop, interpreting his master's words, told the English people, in French, that this singular person had recently dined at their house. He said, farther, that the man was formerly Pontius Pilate's porter, and that his name was Castaphilus; that, when they were dragging Jesus out of the judgment-hall, this porter struck him on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" upon which, Jesus looked at him reprovingly, and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after this, he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever; but, at the end of every hundred years, an incurable illness seizes him, and at length he falls into a fit of ecstasy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state

of youth in which he was when he struck our Lord; he having been, at that period, about thirty years of age. He remembers — so the archbishop, through his interpreter, proceeded to state — all the circumstances connected with the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ; the saints that rose with him; the composing of the apostles' creed, and the preaching and dispersion of the early disciples. He is himself a very grave and apparently holy man. This is the substance of the account given by the archbishop, as it was handed down to us by Matthew Paris, who was himself a monk of St. Alban's, and who was living at the time of the visit of the Armenian bishop. My readers will not credit the story, I presume. I have no faith in it myself, but tell it to you simply to let you see what improbable and absurd things have become matters of faith among superstitious people. Hundreds and thousands believed the story of the Wandering Jew during the middle ages, and indeed long afterwards. Indeed, I am not sure but, in Roman Catholic countries, a very respectable number might be found, even at this day, who receive the story as a part of their creed. While I was in Rome, the Romanist pretended to show me quite as great miracles as would be the preservation of Pontius Pilate's servant for eighteen hundred years.—
Youth's Cabinet.

FROM THE ARABIC.

THE morn that ushered thee to life, my child,
Saw thee in tears, whilst all around thee smiled;
When summoned hence to thy eternal sleep,
Oh! mayst thou smile, while all around thee weep.

Selected.

THREE NAMES OF TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

A NICKNAME, and a measure of weight.
The outer coat of grain, and a Spanish nobleman.
A human being, a box, and two-thirds of doing wrong.

TITANIA.

PUZZLE.

I AM a word of eighteen letters.

My 10, 17, 16, 8, is the messenger of Juno.

My 6, 11, 14, 15, is a nocturnal luminary.

My 1, 3, 11, 14, is a number of oxen.

My 5, 7, 12, is an amphibious animal.

My 8, 18, 11, 12, is a signet.

My 2, 3, 14, 15, is a plant.

My 4, 11, 9, is an animal of the feline genus.

My whole is a country in Asia. TITANIA.

PUZZLE.

My 11, 15, 3, 2, 16, is a gum.

My 7, 4, 9, is a spirituous liquor.

My 13, 1, 8, 12, 13, is an enjoyment.

My 6, 10, 5, 14, 8, is a kind of fairy.

My whole is an important part of the community.

ARIEL.



I'LL BE A SAILOR.

I'D BE A SAILOR.

(See Engraving.)

I LAUNCH my light boat
 On the gay, sparkling stream :
 While swell its white sails,
 I stand idly, and dream
 Of the days that will come,
 When, my heart full of glee,
 My proud bark shall ride
 O'er the wide, tossing sea.

They tell me of storms
 That sweep over the deck,
 And make the frail ship
 But their plaything and wreck ;
 They whisper the joys
 And the comforts of home,
 But deep in my breast
 Is the wild wish to roam.

Sail on, tiny boat,
 'Neath the banks crowned with flowers !
 Sail on, ye long days,
 With your slow, quiet hours !
 I'd fain grow a man,
 A brave sailor to be,
 And dance, like the waves,
 On the glorious sea.

ED.

WHERE DO THEY GET INDIA RUBBER?

So inquired a chubby-looking girl one morning as she pulled on her rubbers, before going to school. And so, I dare say, many a reader of my magazine has asked. Here is an answer to the question:—

The caoutchouc-tree grows, in general, to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches; then, branching, runs up fifteen feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach-tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots or bunches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that, when most tapped, they give more milk or sap. As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise the tappers are at hand. The blacks are first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay and a small pick-axe.

On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the clay is formed into a cup, and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving out daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way, tapping perhaps fifty trees, when he returns, and with a jar passing over the same ground, empties his cups.

So, by seven o'clock, the blacks come in with their jars, ready for working.

The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey.

Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one

side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut, peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form, held by a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with a soft clay (in order to slip off the shoe when finished), holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking; and so on, with a third and a fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats.

When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work. With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely-lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time.

After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together, ready for the market. There pedlars and Jews trade for them with merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export. In the same manner any shape may be manufactured.

Thus toys are made of clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c., are made in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in color and more tough. The number of caoutchouc-trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests exist, and they are frequently cut down for firewood.

Although the trees exist in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into this country from these places. The reason, we suppose, must be the want of that fruitfulness which is found in them here. The caoutchouc-tree may be worked all the year; but generally, in the wet season, they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and the milk, being watery, requires more trouble to manufacture the same article than in the dry season. — *Forrester's Magazine*.

PRESERVATIONS IN PEAT.

ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

ONE interesting circumstance attending the history of peat-mosses is the high state of preservation of animal substances buried in them for periods of many years. In June, 1847, the body of a woman was found six feet deep, in a peat-moor, in the Isle of Axholm, in Lincolnshire. The antique sandals on her feet afforded evidence of her having been buried there for many ages; yet her nails, hair, and skin are described as having shown hardly any marks of decay. On the estate of the Earl of Moira, in Ireland, a human body was dug up, a foot deep in gravel, covered with eleven feet of moss; the body was completely clothed, and the garments seemed all to be made of hair. Before the use of wool was known in that country, the clothing of the inhabitants was made of hair; so that it would appear that his body had been buried at that early period; yet it was fresh and unimpaired. — *Lyell*.

ONE OF LUCY BROWN'S SCHOOL ADVENTURES.

(Concluded from page 149.)

A DARKER change was impending. Lucy had a truthful nature, and had been religiously brought up. But, from the beginning of her intercourse with Julia, she had felt that there was no sympathy between them on this point, and that she need never introduce serious subjects into their private conversations. She had ever been shocked at first at occasional levities of speech from her companion, and at finding that she had various little devices for evading a strict observance of the Sabbath; but Julia excused herself very ingeniously, professing to regret her own lively temperament, until she found herself so secure of her influence that she could banter Lucy a little upon her strictness, and that strictness began to yield. Not always did Lucy feel sure that Julia's excuses for a neglected exercise were altogether true; yet she was unwilling to acknowledge it even to herself, and sustained them stoutly, though troubled by some whispers of doubt.

A crisis came. One Saturday afternoon, the rain was pouring in torrents upon the girls as they returned from their distant walk, and came hurrying into the town. Lucy had not felt well for a day or two, and Julia knew it; yet she persuaded the facile girl to go round by a circulating library, and procure a new novel for her, while she herself hurried home. It was not the first time the rules of the school had been violated

in this way; but Lucy's sick and chilly feeling made her more unwilling than usual to obey the pretty tyrant; yet she went, under the influence of importunities mingled with an imperious "Go or not just as you please, Miss Brown: I shall know when to ask another favor of one who pretends to love me so much."

Only by prevarication did Lucy account for having been longer in getting home than the rest. And she retired that night sick in mind and body. The next morning she was too ill to rise.

The teachers were very kind; but Lucy had a dubious feeling of gladness when Julia came in as the church bells rang, announcing triumphantly that she had got leave to sit with her poor sick darling that forenoon; "although, would you believe it?" she added, "that doleful-looking Hannah Grice offered to come, saying she had been accustomed to sickness. I thought you would not care to see her tallow-candle complexion before your eyes all the morning." Lucy smiled but feebly; her head ached violently, and Julia's gay rattling tongue wearied her. Mrs. Sanderson, the housekeeper, soon came in, and brought Julia a religious newspaper for her own private edification; and a cup, the contents of which were to be administered to Lucy at eleven o'clock.

As Lucy expected, the newspaper, so demurely and thankfully received, was most disrespectfully commented upon as soon as Mrs. Sanderson was out of hearing; and Julia was presently established in a comfortable arm-chair by the open window, the summer breeze coming in pleasantly from the garden, and the new novel in her hand. It proved wholly absorbing. The glass of ice-

water, which in her burning thirst Lucy timidly requested, was so pettishly brought that she did not dare ask for another. She heard the clock strike eleven; but, knowing the medicine to be taken was very disagreeable, she had not resolution enough to ask for it, and the thoughtless Julia read on. So passed the holy Sabbath forenoon. Footsteps in the street, pacing sedately from the churches, were heard by the quickened nerve of Lucy's sick ear; but Julia stirred not till the great front door of the house was loudly closed. Then, starting up with a fluttered guilty look, she glanced towards the bed. Lucy's eyes were closed for the moment; but she opened them just in time to see Julia hurriedly empty the cup of medicine out of the window, thrust the worthless book into her pocket, and catch up the religious paper. Presently Mrs. Sutherland and one of the teachers came into the room. Sick at heart, Lucy heard her *friend* declare that she had administered the medicine precisely as the clock struck eleven. For a direct lie Lucy was wholly unprepared. She started up, and looked almost with terror at the bold girl; but a swimming head and acute pain compelled her to lie down silently.

Had she actually swallowed the medicine, probably she would have been no less ill; for, to the consternation of the whole establishment, on the arrival of a physician, her disease was pronounced to be varioloid. She had gone to the circulating library for Julia a fortnight before, and there had been unconsciously exposed to the infection. The cold she had taken on the previous evening had aggravated the symptoms, and her attack was a violent one. The teachers were dismayed, and

the whole establishment thrown into confusion. The only girl who had had the complaint, singularly enough, was Julia Clare; and Lucy, in the wanderings of her delirium, repeatedly begged to see her. But, although she could have remained with her with perfect safety, the young lady declared she was always frightened to death in a sick-room; she did not know how to do a single thing, and she was sure people did have the varioloid twice sometimes; and, in short, she did not know what would tempt her to go near Lucy Brown. And she hurried home till the difficulty was over.

The town was small, nurses scarce, and the report that the *small-pox* was in the house made it very difficult to procure aid. Reluctantly at last did the teachers yield to the entreaties of the quiet Hannah Grice; and surprised were they to find in that young creature, not fourteen, all the rare qualities which constitute the excellent nurse. Judicious, faithful, tender, untiring, she was soon the presiding genius in that chamber of suffering; yet without seeming to take upon herself any thing but obedience.

Lucy recovered; but her recovery was slow. As she lay hour after hour in a dreamy feebleness, it was her delight to watch Hannah Grice sitting by a window whose shutters were partly open, and observed how placid was her countenance, as the needle in her skilful fingers flew back and forth. She loved to look at that sandy hair, so neatly parted and braided, that she forgot its unattractive hue; and she loved Hannah's low voice, and her sensible, unexciting talk. By the time they had talked of their mother's early friendship, Lucy began to be conscious that *this* was now a real friendship, forming

for her good. She could not forget the day, when, at that same window, she beheld the pretty but guilty face of Julia Clare, as she dashed the medicine away, hid the tempting novel, and turned to meet her teacher with a falsehood. Lucy felt that Hannah Grice could not lie, and she *loved* her. She felt, too, that she had never really loved Julia Clare.

On the very day that Lucy reappeared at her desk, so sallow and disfigured that Hannah's "tallow complexion" looked fair beside her, a new event stirred the little community. Julia Clare was expelled for having passed off a stolen composition as her own; and the eye of the young Christian, Hannah Grice, was the only one which followed her with a thoughtful compassion, although Lucy Brown sighed at the remembrance of her own foolish infatuation.

L. J. H.

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO.

CIMABUE was born at Florence in 1240, and, while still a child, manifested a taste for drawing. Happening to see the works of some Greek painters, he was affected by an extraordinary desire to study under them; his wishes were agreed to; and so diligently did he pursue his profession, that he soon excelled his masters. From his performances, a school of art sprung up in Florence, which thus took the lead in the revival of taste. Cimabue lived to the age of sixty, and died in 1300. A notice of Cimabue interestingly leads to the history of his successor.

In the year 1276, about forty miles from Florence, in the town of Vespignano, there lived a poor laboring man named Bondone. This man had a son whom he brought up in the ignorance usual to the lowly condition of a peasant-boy. But the extraordinary powers of the child, uncultivated as they necessarily were, and his surprising quickness of perception and never-failing vivacity, made him the delight of his father, and of the unsophisticated people among whom he lived. At the age of ten, his father entrusted him with the care of a flock. Now the happy little shepherd-boy strolled at his will over meadow and plain with his woolly charge, and amused himself with lying on the grass, and sketching, as fancy led him, the surrounding objects on broad flat stones, sand, or soft earth. His sole pencils were a hard stick or a sharp piece of stone; his chief models were his flock, which he used to copy as they gathered around him in various attitudes.

One day as the shepherd-boy lay in the midst of his flock, earnestly sketching something on a stone, there came by a traveller. Struck with the boy's deep attention to his work, and the unconscious grace of his attitude, the stranger stopped, and went to look at his work. It was a sketch of a sheep, drawn with such freedom and truth of nature, that the traveller beheld it with astonishment.

"Whose son are you?" cried he with eagerness.

The startled boy looked up in the face of his questioner. "My father is Bondone, the laborer; and I am his little Giotto, so please the signor," said he.

"Well, then, little Giotto, should you like to come and live with me, and learn how to draw and paint sheep like this, and horses, and even men?"

The child's eye flashed with delight. "I will go anywhere with you to learn that. But," he added, as a sudden reflection made him change color, "I must first go and ask my father; I can do nothing without his leave."

"That is quite right, my boy, and so we will go to him together," said the stranger. It was the painter Cimabue.

Great was the wonder of old Bondone at such a sudden proposal; but he perceived his son's wish, though Giotto was fearful of expressing it, and consented. He accompanied his boy to Florence, and there left his little Giotto under the painter's care.

His pupil's progress surpassed Cimabue's expectations. In delineating nature, Giotto soon went beyond his master, to whom a good deal of the formality of modern Greek art, which he had been the first to cast aside, still clung. One morning the artist came into his studio, and, looking at a half-finished head, saw a fly resting on the nose. Cimabue tried to brush it off, when he discovered that it was only painted.

"Who has done this?" cried he, half angry, half delighted.

Giotto crept trembling from a corner, and confessed his fault. But he met with praise instead of reproof from his master, who loved art too well to be indignant at his pupil's talent, even though the frolic were directed against himself.

As Giotto grew older, his fame spread far and wide. Pope Benedict IX. sent messengers to him one day; they entered the artist's studio, and informed him of the pope's request, that he should send a design for an

intended church; for Giotto, like most of the artists of those early times, was an architect as well as a painter. He took a sheet of paper, fixed his elbow at his side to keep his hand steady, and drew instantly a perfect circle.

"Tell his holiness that this is my design," said he; and, with all their remonstrances, Giotto refused to give any other. Pope Benedict was a learned man; he saw that Giotto had given the best instance of perfection in his art; sent for him to Rome, and honored and rewarded him. "Round as Giotto's O," became an Italian proverb. Giotto, as these stories testify, was a pleasant and humorous man.

The talents of Giotto won him the patronage of the great of his country. He visited in succession Padua, Verona, and Ferrara. At the latter city he remained some time, painting for the Prince of Este. While there, Dante heard of Giotto, and invited him to Ravenna, the present abode of the exiled Florentine poet. There also he painted many of his works, and formed a strong friendship with the great Dante. The poor shepherd-boy of Vespignano was now in the height of his fame. Admitted into the society of the Italian nobles, enjoying the friendship of the talented men of his age, — Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, — and admired by all, his was indeed an enviable position. And he was a good man as well as great, loved by all his friends; and, as his biographer Vasari says, "a good Christian as well as an excellent painter." He died at Milan in the year 1336. — *New Church Magazine.*

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

(Concluded from page 177.)

WE will introduce our readers to a darkened room, where the form of a little child lies stretched upon a bed. Close to it, just where her ear can catch its faintest breath, sits its mother; and near them stands, with a thoughtful face, and his fingers on the fluttering pulse of the child, the good physician.

At length, he gently places the wasted little hand upon the coverlid; and, turning to the mother, he says, "She is safe, and, under God, it is through your skilful care and your devoted watchfulness."

As the mother raises her eyes, swimming in grateful tears, to his face, we recognize our friend Louisa. The lapse of twenty years has not altered the expression of her open countenance, nor has care and anxiety robbed it of its habitually cheerful expression. We cannot read her thoughts, as she sits by her child, in that saving sleep; but the often-raised eyes would show that her soul is going forth in gratitude to her Heavenly Father for his sparing mercy. The room is scrupulously neat, though the furniture is of the very plainest kind, and bears marks of usage.

Now the house-door shuts, and little feet are heard ascending the stairs. As they advance, the steps are lighter; and our old friend goes out of the room to meet the children at the top of the staircase. Two sturdy, well-grown boys, of eleven and nine, are closely followed

by a little girl of five. "How is sister Alice, mamma?" whispers the eldest softly.

"She is really better, my dear boy; but still we must all be very quiet. God has given her back to us, almost from the grave."

"May I go in and kiss her?" says the little one in a low voice, and with such a pleading look in her eyes.

"No, darling: she is asleep, and you would only wake her."

The two boys take their little sister to play with them. There is no loud noise, no quarrelling and disputing. Every thing is as quiet as if the children were at school.

Martha, the faithful domestic, now comes up stairs to say that Mrs. Carleton is below, and that she will sit with little Alice while her mistress goes to see her. Mrs. Carleton is our old acquaintance, Lottie. Dressed in the extreme of fashion, with all the costly and elegant fabrics wealth could procure, she seemed out of place in that neat, quiet, home-looking parlor. Yet Louisa, with her face pale from watching, and her simple calico morning dress, wore an expression of heartfelt content that was a stranger to Charlotte's face.

"Martha tells me that Alice is better," said she; as Louisa entered.

"Yes, she is really better, and we are a thankful household, as you may believe."

"I called here, a week ago when Alice was so very sick, to take Mary home with me; but Martha said she was perfectly still, and, as she made no noise, it was best for her, she thought, to stay at home. I did not insist; for I supposed Martha knew best. But you have such

wonderful children! Lizzie, though she is two years older than your Mary, cannot be kept still even while the baby takes his nap, and then she is for ever quarrelling with Alfred."

"Perhaps when the baby is a little older, and she has learned to love him, she will be still. My children have not even seemed to wish to be noisy, since Alice has been ill."

"And then Martha is such a treasure, and takes so much interest in your affairs," went on Mrs. Carleton, without heeding her cousin's interruption. Really, Louisa, Martha is of more service to you than all my five servants are to me. I would give them all up for her. I do envy you in possessing such a domestic."

Louisa smiled. She remembered, that Martha, when she came to live with her twelve years before, had been capable and willing to work, but that she was careless, wasteful, and disorderly. But Louisa would not part with her till she tried to reform her bad habits, and the result of her training was what housekeepers call "a perfect treasure."

Every thing in her house was managed in a quiet, orderly, systematic manner. The children felt the prevailing order of the house, and, though full of fun and frolic, always were under its influence. Every thing was ready for use, when it was required. Her husband never complained of missing shirt-buttons, or her children of vanished strings.

Let us now go home with Lottie, who lived in a magnificent house in one of the principal squares of the city. Scarcely had she entered her own beautifully furnished apartment, when a servant came in with a very

angry countenance, leading, or rather dragging, a screaming child. "Here is Miss Lizzie, ma'am, who has waked up the baby. He was very fretful, and I had just put him to sleep, when she came home from school, and was so full of naughty tricks, that she woke him up."

Charlotte administered a box on the ear to the child, and shut her up, still screaming, in a closet. "Margaret," said she to the girl, "will you send Judy to me? This room is just as I left it. She has not picked up a single thing here." The chamber was strewn with the various articles of a lady's toilet. In the middle of the apartment was a pair of shoes. Brushes and combs lay here and there on chairs, tables, and even upon the luxurious lounge. The whole room, though spacious, and furnished in the most perfect taste, was still a comfortless apartment compared with Louisa's.

At the dinner-table, Mr. Carleton, though the most uncomplaining of men, found nothing eatable.

"Don't you think, Charlotte," he mildly suggested, "that, if you were to give the cook a few instructions, it would do her good? This woman succeeds no better than the last, and one hates to be continually changing domestics."

"Bless you, Mr. Carleton! I could not teach her. I never could learn any thing myself, and of course I cannot teach others. 'What can't be cured must be endured.'"

Mr. Carleton sighed, as he saw the costly silver and china on a soiled table-cloth, and pitchers without handles, and cracked plates, in the midst of luxury and abundance.

This servant would not do this work because it was not

her place, and Charlotte did not know enough to decide whose place it was to do the work in question ; so it either went undone, or became a cause of contention in the kitchen. Thus waste and disorder pervaded the house. The costly furniture was so ill cared-for that it soon looked worse than the plainest. Carpets were defaced by spots of grease, mahogany looked dull and dirty for the want of rubbing, bright-colored curtains faded, and hung like signals of vanished splendour.

And the mistress of the house herself? For a few years she enjoyed her gay attire like a butterfly. Then came severe illness ; and, when she recovered, but little strength remained to her, and she was obliged to remain constantly at home. In vain her indulgent husband tried to make her invalid chamber a pleasant, cheerful-looking place. In vain he bought new furniture, and hired neat and careful nurses and attendants. The old habits, too strong to be overcome, still peeped out, and shed an air of disorder and extravagance over the whole room. His sister, who had come to live with him, made the rest of the house orderly and comfortable ; and, after a while, the children became quiet and manageable ; but Mr. Carleton, tenderly as he loved his invalid wife, never came into her room without a sigh of regret. ED.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
 No chemic art can counterfeit ;
 It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
 Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
 The homely whistle to sweet music's strain ;
 Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent,
 That much in little, all in naught — CONTENT.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF NOAH WEBSTER.

EVERY American boy and girl is, of course, acquainted with the name of Noah Webster. His spelling-book has made his name famous in every school-house from Maine to California, and his dictionary has given him a fame as widely spread as the English language. I think, therefore, that my readers would like to know a little about his history.

Noah Webster was a Connecticut boy. He was born in Hartford, on the 16th of October, 1758. His father was a farmer, and descended from one of the first settlers of Hartford. His mother, too, came from a good family; her ancestor was William Bradford, second governor of the good colony of Plymouth.

Thus, you see, young Noah had good blood flowing in his veins. But that did not, of itself, make him what he afterwards became. Some boys are so proud of having great or wise ancestors, they do nothing to make themselves great or good. They expect to grow into consequence without effort. In such cases, however, in spite of all their good blood and notable ancestry, they usually grow up to be either very little or very bad men, or both.

Noah had too much good sense to neglect his own improvement. When he was fourteen years old, he began to study Greek and Latin with a right good-will. Two years afterwards, he entered Yale College. While there, the war of the Revolution began, and young Webster shouldered a musket for a short time. But he soon

quitted the field, and renewed his studies. At the expiration of his four years' course of study, he graduated with credit both to himself and to his teachers.

But the war made the times hard and difficult. Almost every one was tried in his affairs, and Mr. Webster's father among the rest. Unable to afford his son any further aid, the good old gentleman gave him an eight-dollar bill, worth only about *four dollars* in silver, and told him he must henceforth provide for himself.

This was a small fortune; and, if young Noah's future had depended upon it, he would have been poor indeed. But his real fortune was in himself, as it is in every other boy. He had a will to work, and energy to overcome difficulties. It was his wish to study law; but, not having money to obtain regular instruction, he began to teach a school, and to study law without aid from others. So well did he succeed in doing this, that he was admitted to the bar two years afterwards. Let the boys remember this fact, and learn that, where there is a will to acquire knowledge, there is always a way.

But his trials were not over yet. He was a lawyer, to be sure; but the war of the Revolution was just over, and times were very unsettled. There was very little work for lawyers to do. Still Mr. Webster was determined to do something. He taught a classical school in the State of New York. Here he saw the need of good elementary school-books. There were none in the country that suited his ideal; and he set himself, like a true genius, to the task of compiling them.

The year after, he published his spelling-book, grammar, and reading lessons. So popular did his spelling-book become, that thirty millions of copies have been

published, and it is still selling at the rate of a million a year. The profits on this work supported him while he compiled the great work of his life, — his celebrated dictionary.

We cannot follow Mr. Webster in his career as publisher and writer, because it would not interest you. I will only state a few facts to show you how he made his dictionary. He probably conceived the plan while at work on his spelling-book, but did not give himself wholly to its production until he was forty-nine years of age. Then he devoted himself to it in earnest, and toiled at it incessantly for twenty years. In order to render it the more perfect, he visited England and France, examined the great public libraries, and conversed with the learned men of those countries. Having at last completed it, at the close of the year 1828, he published the first edition of twenty-five hundred copies. In 1840, having improved it considerably, he published three thousand more.

The construction of this dictionary was a gigantic task. What patience, zeal, and perseverance Mr. Webster must have possessed, to keep himself so steadily at work upon one object for twenty years! Only consider that he had to define the meaning of nearly eighty thousand words! But he never knew discouragement. Little by little he pushed it forward, and thus lived to see his work completed and published. If my reader intends to accomplish any thing great, he must learn like him to toil slowly and patiently along, persevering in defiance of obstacles. I advise every boy who takes my magazine to save his money until he is able to purchase a copy of Webster unabridged. By studying it, he will get much wisdom. By viewing it as a monument of the industry

and perseverance of its author, he will be stimulated to strive after similar qualities.

I am very glad to inform you that Mr. Webster was a pious man. He loved God, believed in Christ as his Saviour, and lived for many years a life of prayer. Hence, when he was called to die, he was not afraid. "I know in whom I have believed," said he, as he lay on his death-bed, "and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him." With these words, he fell asleep in Jesus, on the 28th of May, 1843, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He left a widow and seven children.

Noah Webster was tall and somewhat slender in his person. He walked very erect, and his step was light and elastic. I hope every boy and girl of my readers will live as usefully and die as peacefully as did Noah Webster.—*Forrester's Magazine*.

COSTUME OF THE DANES.—The costume of this country did not strike me as particularly pretty. The peasant women wear woollen skirts, either green or black, which reach to their ankles, and are trimmed round the bottom with a broad, colored border of worsted. The seams of their spencers and the arm-holes are also trimmed with a narrow, colored border. Their heads are covered with a handkerchief, which is made to project in the shape of a hat. On Sundays I saw several little ornamental caps, worked in silk, with a formal row of stiff, even points, about as broad as the hand in front; while behind, on the contrary, hung long knots of handsome ribbon, which fell half way down their back. I saw nothing remarkable in the dress of the men. — *Journey to Iceland*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OAK TREE.

I AM very old now. My branches are stiff, and creak dismally when the wind blows through them; they cannot toss and bow with the graceful lightness they once had, when they enjoyed a hearty struggle with the storm, which has often vainly tried to break me down, or uproot me. My bark is hard and rough; there is a great hollow in my trunk, and some of my boughs are quite dead, so that even the gentle spring rains and bright summer suns cannot bring out any green leaves upon them. Perhaps some tempest of the next winter may succeed in laying me prostrate on the earth; but, before I die, I wish to tell my young friends a few of the things which I have seen and heard; for, long as life looks to them now, it is quite impossible that any of them should live as long as I have already done.

You all know the oak, tall and strong as it is, grows from an acorn; and you have all seen an acorn. Perhaps you have learnt to recite Mary Howitt's pretty piece of poetry about the oak-tree:—

“The oak-tree was an acorn once,
And fell upon the earth;
The sun and showers nourished it,
And gave the oak-tree birth.
The little sprouting oak-tree!
Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers had nourished it,
Then out its branches burst.”

This was just what happened to me. The little acorn fell into the ground, and lay all winter safe and warm

under the cold snow; but, when the weather became mild, the snow melted, and two little green leaves were seen peeping out of the earth. I cannot pretend to remember much about this time: I think I must have been a year old at least, when I first began to look about me.

A thick forest stretched for miles around; but, just where I stood, there happened to be a clear space, where little flowers and grass grew, and the sun shone full upon my fresh green leaves. So I lived for many years, till I was a strong young tree, throwing out wide-spreading branches, and striking my roots deep into the earth. Oh, how happy I was! how I enjoyed the warm sunlight, which played in and out of my leaves! How I loved to have the darling little birds build in my branches, and sing so sweetly while I rocked them gently to and fro! At night I would watch the moon and stars, looking calmly down upon the peaceful earth, hushed in deep silence, while my leaves rustled gently in the cool night breeze.

The wild animals would come around me, to eat the grass, and frolic with one another in the shade. Beautiful bright-eyed deer, and squirrels without number, were there; and sometimes a wild cat would climb up my trunk, or a fox creep stealthily by: and in winter a pack of hungry wolves have sometimes swept by me, in pursuit of their frightened prey. For these wolves I always had an aversion; their fierceness and cruelty repelled me. When winter came, with its cold storms, many of my sources of enjoyment were cut off. But, as I have said, there was both pleasure and excitement in a hard struggle for the mastery with a violent wind, which would seem de-

terminated to make an end of me. Besides, even then I was not quite solitary: some little family of squirrels almost always made their winter-home among my boughs, and flocks of snowbirds would come round, uttering their merry notes, as if winter were the happiest season of the year.

But this could not last for ever. I never shall forget the first time I saw a human being. He was a tall, strong, sunburnt man, with a pleasant open face, and a bright black eye: he had an axe upon his arm, and a knapsack at his back. He paused at my foot, and looked up and around, while I returned his gaze, and the birds ceased their songs in wonder, and the squirrels scampered to my topmost boughs. He stood a long while surveying the spot; went to examine a spring of delicious water, well known to the wild animals of the wood, which bubbled out at a little distance; drank a long draught of it; then, seizing his axe, he cut the bark of several of the surrounding trees, as if to mark the place, and returned the way he came.

We had not long to ponder on what this might mean; for the next day he returned, accompanied by several others with their wives and children. All seemed pleased with the spot: they pitched a tent, and prepared to take up their abode with us. Now every thing was changed. Tree after tree fell beneath the axes of the new-comers; their shots struck down the timid deer and the merry squirrels, while in place of the deep silence of the forest was heard the sound of voices and laughter, the ringing blows of the axe, the harsh grating of the saw, or the loud crack of the rifle. For a long time I feared for my own life, as I saw neighbor and friend laid prostrate

around me; but my anxiety was at an end, when I found that the first log-house was to be built directly beneath my spreading boughs.

When my sorrow at the change was a little abated, I began to take a great interest in the strangers and their proceedings. There were five or six families of them; and industrious, open-hearted people they were. Early and late, summer and winter, they were to be seen, busy at their various occupations; the men working in the fields from which they had hastily cleared the trees, or cutting down more of the forest, or shooting the game which, for a long time, formed their principal support. Meanwhile the women were actively engaged in household duties, taking care of the domestic animals, and weeding the little flower-gardens around their doors. They were kind and friendly too; the children never took pleasure in bird's nesting, throwing stones at the birds and squirrels, or any other cruel sports.

So they lived, peacefully and quietly, for many years. I loved the people, and was glad to fling my cool shade over them in summer, and to protect them from the cold blasts of winter. In return they loved me. They made a seat around my trunk, where they used to collect in the summer evenings, while the children played near, and talk of all that interested them. This was generally of the crops, the weather, or the cattle; also of any sickness, death, or wedding in any of the households. But sometimes, after a stranger had passed through on horseback, or a stray newspaper had been received by some one in the settlement, their talk was of more exciting topics, — of some wrong or injury, which made their cheeks burn, and their eyes flash; of unheeded remon-

strance followed by determined resistance. Gradually these thoughts absorbed all others; their words became more earnest, and their faces, as they went about their work, more grave and serious.

At last, one beautiful June evening, just as work was laid aside for the day, the quick sound of a horse's hoofs was heard approaching; and a horseman burst out of the neighboring forest, like one riding for his life. He flung himself from his saddle, and led the panting steed to the fresh spring to drink, while every one crowded around him. I could not hear all that he said, but distinguished the words "Bunker Hill, near Boston"—"Gen. Warren"—"killed and wounded"—"brave fellows." Then, hastily remounting, he was out of sight in a moment.

All was now confusion and bustle. The peaceful evening was forgotten; no one stopped to admire the lovely sunset, or listen to the evening song of the birds. Through all the summer night, lights shone from the windows of several of the houses; and, early the next morning, eight of our best and strongest men, with guns over their shoulders and knapsacks on their backs, marched away from my sight, followed by all the rest of the little hamlet, both old and young, encouraging and cheering them on. But, when they were out of sight, what saddened hearts returned to the old place! What bitter, bitter tears have been shed in secret beneath my sheltering branches, while I, my heart full sympathy, could give no comfort!

Still the time passed on. Old men and children did work in the fields and woods beyond their strength; for the active and vigorous were gone. Occasionally news from a distance was received and eagerly discussed, until

the names of Washington and Lafayette became familiar to my ear. One morning I noticed a sudden panic in the settlement: every one seemed to be hastily packing up their most valuable goods, burying them in the ground, hiding them in the cellars, or carrying them into the forest. The women and children were sent away, only a few of the inhabitants remaining, as if expecting some dreaded visitor. At last I heard the roll of a drum; and a party of soldiers in red coats, with glistening bayonets, come marching out of the forest. They stopped to rest under my shade, and drank of the cool spring. As they reclined here, the faces of some of them reminded me of the fierce packs of wolves which had formerly been so familiar to me, and I trembled for the fate of the peaceful dwellings at my feet. But one who appeared to be their leader had a more humane countenance. He restrained some of his men who were threatening and insulting the bystanders, paid for the provisions which the people most unwillingly furnished, and finally gave the signal for departure, which was quickly obeyed, greatly to the relief of all the little community.

But yet sadder days were in store. One cold winter day, when all were within doors, I saw a man slowly approaching through the half-trodden footpaths. He was pale and thin; a handkerchief was bound around his head, and one coat sleeve hung empty. I could scarcely recognize in the poor broken soldier one who was the pride of the village, the joy of his mother's heart. As he opened the familiar door, a wild cry of surprise greeted him; and I heard him say in an altered voice, "Mother, I have come home to die." It was too true. He lingered through the winter; and, when the soft spring gales

came, he loved to sit in my shade, leaning against my rough bark. Oh, how I longed to be able to impart health and strength to his drooping frame !

His mother would sit by his side, silently holding his hand, while the children would gather near, and beg him to tell about the war ; but he soon grew too weak to talk, and lay for hours gazing at the sky, and at the green earth he was so soon to leave. At last death came, and the poor wounded soldier was laid to rest in the peaceful graveyard ; alas ! how many like him, the pride and hope of their friends, were lying unburied on the bloody battle-field !

But enough of this gloomy time : it did pass away. The soldier's coat and knapsack were gladly laid aside for the farmer's frock ; the spade and hoe were substituted for the gun and bayonet ; while many a thanksgiving for peace, and for the freedom which through Heaven's help they had won, did I hear ascending from these honest hearts. Since then, many, very many years have rolled away. Where the little cluster of log-huts stood, stands now a neat village of pretty houses, with the church-spire rising in the midst, and near it the pleasant school-house, with its play-ground before the door. In place of the ancient forest are now smiling farms, fields laden with grain, pastures covered with cattle. ~~The wild animals, even the squirrels, have disappeared ; only the birds remain, who still build among my leaves, and cheer me with their songs.~~

I alone, of all that I once knew and loved, am left. The generation who first disturbed my solitude have all passed away, and their grandchildren are the aged people of the place. Yet I am happy still. I take the

same interest in the affairs of the men, and the games of the children. The seat around my trunk has been repeatedly renewed, and is still occupied, every pleasant summer evening, by a cheerful group; and the children always love to play in my shade. 'The old oak-tree' is familiar to the mouths of all; and I feel sure, that, when my time comes to die, I shall not fall unregretted; but the whole village will feel that they have lost a friend. Human life seems very short to me, who have outlived so many generations; and, old as I am, I shall still see many, now young and strong, laid in the graveyard by my side. But there is that in them, I know, which cannot die; which will still be living on, ages after I shall have fallen and mouldered into dust. Yet I hope my life has not been wholly useless. I have tried to do the work my Creator gave me to do: children, can you all say the same?

M. M.

THE WILL AND THE WAY. — I learned grammar, when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase, and a bit of board lying in my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or a piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation. I had not a moment of time that I could call my own; I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men; and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task, is there — can there be — in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance? — W. COBBETT.

CHRISTMAS AND THE OLD YEAR.

THE pomp and glory of autumn has gone. The gaily-colored leaves have dropped from the trees, and rustle under our feet, while the gray branches creak above in the wind. The harvest is all gathered in. The barns and store-houses are laden; and the snow, with its white shower, has already sprinkled the fields.

But we are not sorry autumn has gone. It has left behind it a season which gives us as much joy and gladness as its clear blue skies and its bracing winds have done. It brings us Christmas. And oh! what a world of meaning lies in that one word! The longer you live, dear children, the more you will rejoice in it. You love it now for its friendly gatherings, its many games, and its kind tokens of the love of friends; but, if you grow better as you grow older, you will by-and-by love it for far more than these, though these must always be dear and pleasant.

Christmas will not always be *merry* Christmas, even if it is happy Christmas to you. As the years go by, you will think of some one who was with you last year, who is now singing the beautiful song of the angels in heaven; and that thought, though it will not mar your happiness, will prevent boisterous mirth. But, if you love the Saviour, and try to follow his example, Christmas will always be a day full of the deepest gratitude and purest joy to you. If you sit on that day beside the dying, the strength that enables you to part with the

dear one, you will owe to him who was born in a manger. If trials and perplexities are round your way, still the thought of the Saviour will be peace, joy, happiness to you; and if you yourself, with aching limbs, lie on a bed of sickness, still will that blessed thought of Christ's coming make the day a good and holy one to you.

When the stern old Pilgrims came over to this country, in abolishing the forms of the old world, they abolished the keeping of Christmas. But it ought to be revived, and we trust it will be revived. Christians all over the world are learning to love it more and more. Every church throughout our broad land should be opened, and one grand hymn of praise ascend to "God, who so loved the world that he sent his only-begotten Son." We especially, as a great and free people, should acknowledge how much we owe to Christianity. That has made us free; that has made us great; that alone will preserve us from the ruin and decay that have fallen in succession upon all nations of the earth. This year our Christmas comes on Sunday, and children will have to wait till Monday for their gifts and parties; so we may be excused for giving them a *sort* of sermon to read. Read it, all of you, on Christmas-day. Think of it soberly, girls and boys. Think how much you owe the blessed Saviour. Think how little you have followed his example; and, though like him you grow in stature, how far you are from being, as he was, "in favor with God and man." Remember, too, that, at the birth of Jesus, the angels sang "peace on earth." It is a part of your duty to help forward this peace on earth. The true peace-makers are the peace-keepers; those who

will not quarrel; who will give up all rather than dispute. Try to find occasions to be peace-makers, both at home and abroad. Try for the next year to be peace-makers.

And let us say a few words to you about the year that has so nearly closed. You all know whether it has been a good year to you. You all know whether your moral courage has been strengthened; whether you have grown more truthful, more obedient, and less passionate and selfish. If you can look back upon the year, and see no improvement in yourselves, then you have much to regret. God has added a year to your lives, and you have thrown it away. He gives you this time to fit yourselves for your heavenly home; and, if you have wasted his precious hours, you are not so fit for heaven as you were when the year began.

If, on the contrary, you can see improvement in yourselves; if you remember duties faithfully performed, and temptations resisted, — then it has been a good year to you. If, too, the love of holy things grows within you; if you love to think of God, and pray to him; if the Saviour is near and dear to you; and if the thought of God comes to you when you are tempted, and keeps you from sin, — then it has been a good year to you.

God has brought us near the close of the year, but it is not yet over. Its last hours may carry some of our spirits up to God. And how are we prepared to meet him? Do we feel that we have endeavored to do our duty, and to love him and his Son; and that he will pardon our short-comings because we have loved him, and tried to do his will? Or does the thought of being summoned into his more immediate presence make us feel that we

have not lived as his children, and that he cannot receive us as such?

Children, death is a solemn thought; but life is a solemn thought, too. For our lightest words, for our most trifling deeds, for every moment, God has made us accountable; and it is the solemnity of life that makes the solemnity of death.

Try to fill your hearts with this view of life. It is a good thing to live. It is a pleasant thing to live. The world is very beautiful, and parents and home and friends are very, very dear; but still it is a solemn trust that God has given to us all. Let us feel it as such; and, as the shadows of the departing year close around us, let us ask for strength to use this trust aright.

We hope we have now, after a three years' acquaintance, many friends in our readers; and that the hours they spend in reading these pages are as pleasant as those we spend in preparing them. We shall try to interest you more and more every year. We feel that God gives us, through the pages of this book, a sphere of usefulness for which we are accountable; and that a good thought may keep some little soul from sin, or waken in it a sense of God's love. That the year to come may find us still in the same pleasant relations is our sincere desire.

ED.

Go to the bee! and thence bring home
(Worth all the treasures of her comb)

An antidote against rash strife; —
She, when her angry flight she wings,
But once, and at her peril, stings;

But gathers honey — all her life. — *Bishop.*

THE CROSSBILL.

HAVE you ever seen a bird called by this name, reader? Perhaps you have seen him, and did not know his name. Perhaps, too, you have heard of the bird, but have never come across him. He is a singular fellow. He owns one of the most curiously constructed beaks that ever you saw on a bird; and it is on account of this peculiarity that he is named the *crossbill*. I wonder if it ever occurred to you, as you have been looking at different animals, — birds, beasts, insects, reptiles, — how admirably adapted each particular species is to its mode of life. The heron, you know, a bird that wades in the water after its food, has a long neck and long legs; while the hawk, that gets its living by preying upon other animals, has a hooked beak and claw fitted for tearing flesh in pieces. Well, you see here the wisdom of the great God, who made the world and every thing in it.

The Crossbill has the singular beak that I have just spoken of, to fit it for cutting in pieces the pine-cones, of which he is very fond. For this purpose his beak is formed so that the upper and lower mandibles cross each other. It is a remarkable fact, that these birds, which are quite common in different states of the Union, are never found except in the vicinity of pine-trees. The bird is exceedingly dexterous in cutting these pine-cones. By a slight turning of its head, its bill becomes a pair of levers, if I may so speak, by means of which the pine-cones are torn to pieces with wonderful rapidity. If

you are standing near the tree when these birds are getting their dinner, you can distinctly hear the noise of the breaking cone, while the broken parts fall to the ground in a perfect shower. If any of my readers should happen to come across such a bird in their rambles, I hope they will not fail to witness its performance. —
Youth's Cabinet.

PUZZLES.

ANSWER to Anagrams in the November number: — "Benton, Brandon, Manchester."

Answers to Puzzles in the October number: — "The letter O," and "Niagara Falls."

Answers to Puzzles in the November number: — "The Celestial Empire," and "The Rising Generation."

AN ENIGMA.

WE are four brothers under the dominion of a powerful magician. He wears a long, feathery robe, and he wields a black wand; ah! how sharp it is! He touches us, and we are the cousins of a family of mice, scampering over the floor of a duke's palace. How we nibble at the splendid waxlights, and race over the gilded and velvet-colored chairs! The old state-chair looks down at us in agony and sighs, — "It was not so in my young days, but every thing is decaying now." But *we* do not care, and we scamper over the chairs as fast as ever. Presently the

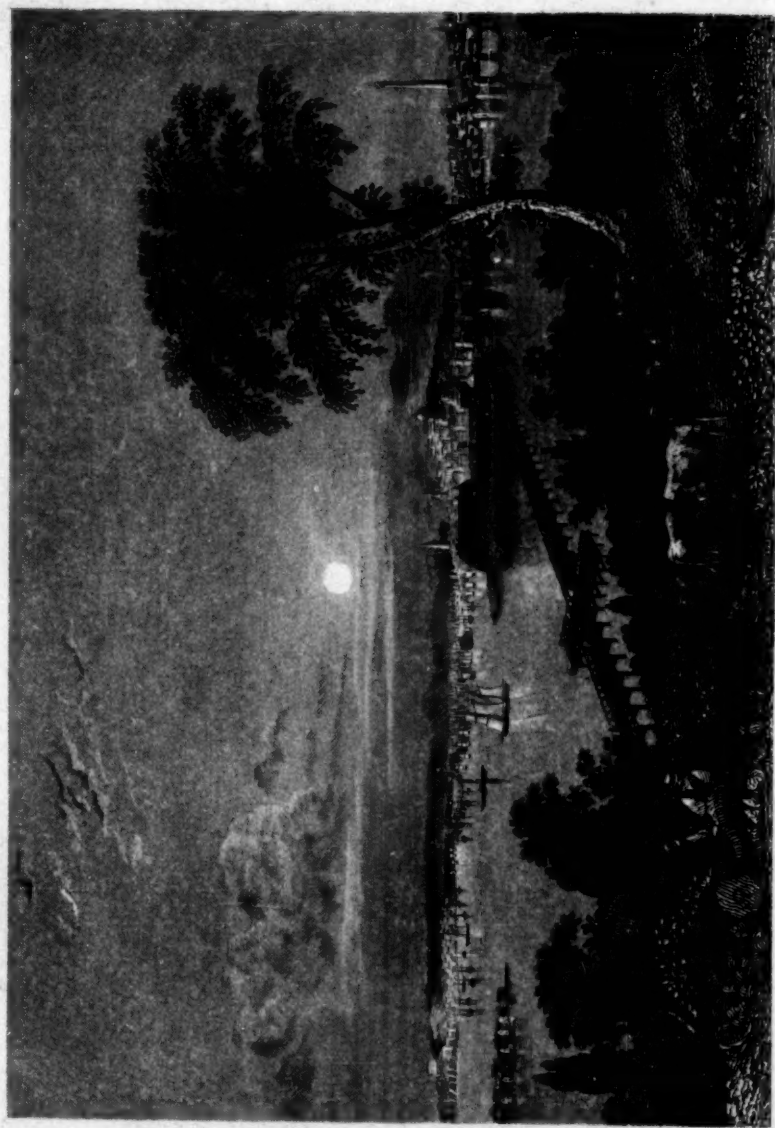
lady-bats appear, and we have a gay dance with them. Our mirth grows louder and more furious, and in comes the magician; another touch of his magic wand, and we are four still marble statues in the Vatican. One of us wields a brush; a second, a stylus and a scroll; a third, a chisel; and the fourth, a lyre. How still every thing is! Magnificent pictures adorn the walls, and beautiful statues are grouped around; we live in an atmosphere of beauty. Sometimes silent crowds come in to gaze at our loveliness, and we stand in mute perfection on our pedestals, admired by all. But again the mighty wizard enters, and, by another stroke of his wand, we are bounding over the blue ocean in a noble ship. One of us climbs the shrouds, another stands at the helm, a third paces the deck in a warm jacket, and another keeps watch at the mast-head.

Suddenly the look-out cries, "Breakers ahead!"

Brave and gallant exertions are made; but all is vain; the ship dashes upon the rocks, and the waves beat against her with a giant's force. Just as we are sinking, the great magician appears, and the magic wand transforms us into the brightest jewels in the sparkling coronet of Night. People gaze at us with mute amazement; and, while they are drinking in our loveliness, Night scatters her poppies over them, and they sink to sleep. We sparkle on; and the little ones say we are the eyes of angels, that watched over them through the reign of night, and they gently fall asleep again, confident in the existence of a Father's love and care. In stalks the great magician, and we are the same insignificant four brothers that we were before; — insignificant alone, but mighty when united.

Who is the magician, and who are the four brothers?

TITANIA.



VIEW OF BOSTON FROM CHURCH HILL.